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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



MISS MARION TERRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



## THE MAKING OF THE "BLUE."

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

That impossible person, the pessimist, has been preaching, for more than a decade now, the subsiding glory of "the Blue." He himself, it may be, is a "true blue man" wearing no gauds of colour, but only of literary appreciation, and, having grown old in decrying all things but his partialities, cannot conceive that *la jeunesse*, despite the patronage of Alexander Dumas *filis*, is much what it was. Yet I venture a word against him, and hold that, though the high temperature of the "Blue" fever is no longer dangerous, nor wanting the draught of ridicule, there is nigh as wide an interest in the one and only 'Varsity Boat Race as ever there was in the rage of the 'sixties. For the majority this interest is born of an honest contest; for a minority it is the interest of a glance backwards to an epoch when one had, as the French say, "a sea to drink." To some, perhaps, it recalls a day when a seat in either 'Varsity eight seemed the ultimate possibility of life, and that other day, a few years later, when the failure to get the coat really did not appear of so much moment. It may even be that he who is now engrossed in dispensing justice or injustice in a court house has long

The work of getting together a 'Varsity eight begins with the fall of every year. When the men go up for the October term at Cambridge, and similarly at Oxford, the President of the club sends rounds to the rowing captain of each college, and asks him what proficients he has whom he would wish tried for the larger honours. Each captain feels bound to submit two or three names, and the men thus distinguished are put into "tubs" and allowed to disport themselves by the barges or the boathouses for half an hour or so at a time, until they have proved conclusively that they possess possibilities or do not possess them. Such a weeding-out is a process requiring the best part of a month, and when it is accomplished the first serious attempt is made to get representative trial eights together. I believe there have been instances where a President has rowed three eights, but for many years now, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, sixteen men are chosen from the number of those tried, and the two eights thus formed meet at Moulsoford or at Ely in the first weeks of December. Such a race is of large utility in guiding the President in his selection of the final eight. The courses then rowed are in many ways as trying as the tideway. The boats used are "gig" eights, which possess fine stability, but exceeding weight, and any man who acquits himself thoroughly well over the "trial" course may be relied on to do equally well at Putney. There is no



A. H. Finch, Third Trinity (Bow).



N. W. Paine, Third Trinity.



Sir C. Ross, Third Trinity.



H. M. Bland, Third Trinity.



L. A. E. Ollivant, First Trinity.



C. T. Fogg-Elliott, Trinity Hall.



R. O. Kerrison, Third Trinity.



T. G. Lewis, Third Trinity (Stroke).



F. C. Begg, Trinity Hall (Cox.).

## THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Photo by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

since sent up a "*Gratias agamus*" because a boat captain of a bygone age did not give him a seat. "*Quid non longa valebit permutare dies?*" asks Claudianus. Certainly, time and lumbago cast a new light on the glories of our youth, and upon none so strongly as the aquatic splendours of the Isis and the Cam.

However great these changes may be in individual opinion, it is curious to note how similar is the curriculum of those who make "Blues" in our time to that which endured when our forefathers were *in statu pupillari*, or supposed to be. Now, as then, the people discuss the process of the training as a thing of mystery and of dark secrets. Even the raw beefsteak is not quite gone from the vision of many a timorous relative. We are told gravely of the horrid agonies of the budding oarsman, of the physical torments he must suffer, and the early death he must reap as his aftermath. We are asked to observe him and his fellows with a "*Morituri te salutant*" upon their lips as they step into the boats, and sixteen weak hearts as their portion when they step out of them. Why this should be, or how it comes that so overwhelming a fate is reserved only for the rower, no one pretends to say—and for this reason, I may assume, that so few know anything of the actual work which a "Blue" performs, of the method of selecting him, or of the precise course of preparation he is compelled to adopt for the arduous row which is ever the feature of the drear month of March. Yet these things are of no mean interest, and will seem to some, perhaps, as worthy of description as the minutiae of detail with which the rowing reporter furnishes us every day.

enforced dietary training for the race, but any oarsman who wishes to do well must observe the hours.

In the latter weeks of January the eight men who have caught the President's eye in this contest of December are summoned to keep term early. Possibly, some of them will be rejected when a week or so has passed, but for a moment they are favoured with a thorough trial. The first demand, fitly enough, is that they shall submit to the stethoscope and to the keen ear of the medicine man. In such a contest as they are preparing to engage in the very suspicion of "heart" would be fatal; and herein is the first consolation to the tender relative aforesaid, who may hug to him the assurance that the "unsound" man has no more chance of becoming a "Blue" than he has of shooting a unicorn; but once the "All right" has been heard there is immediate hurrying to the river, and embarkation in gigs, where, two by two, the men prove how their reputations sit upon them, and in how much they have come on or fallen away from the form of December. As all the world knows, an eight is never finally chosen until the rage of disappointment has consumed two or three of its earlier members. Men lose form in a boat just as they lose it at the wicket or in the tennis-court. Others, again, profiting by the holiday, develop a surprising advance, and ultimately get a seat just when their very dear friends are telling them how poor is their chance. It is rare to find the whole boat together before Ash Wednesday; but on that day tradition promises the settlement of the crew, and the beginning of that severe curriculum which is no longer a recommendation but an edict.



Practically, a 'Varsity eight is a community, taking their meals, their work, and their recreation together from the moment the ashes of Lent are sprinkled upon the faithful. Every captain has his own fads, but, for all general purposes of description, it may be said that the men rise at seven, and, having taken a good run in their flannels, return to huge but wholesome dishes of fish and meat and to the regulation pint of tea. In such a meal soles or whiting figure largely; the historic but well-done steak is by no means absent, and "squish" is allowed liberally with greenmeats and butter. To those who know nothing of the gastronomic powers of a rowing man, the amount that a healthy fellow will consume at his first meal would seem grotesque. As a venerable aquatic bishop said recently, when asked if he would care to train once more for a rowing contest, "It is impossible to realise at fifty that twenty-eight or thirty years have passed since one whetted one's appetite with a pound of steak and a fried sole." But the hard work done creates vast waste of tissue, and the system calls ever for meat and flesh and fowl, and in liberal supplies.

After breakfast, except at Putney, the man in training may spend his mornings much as he pleases. Often he lounges about the town looking at commodities he may not purchase and at cigars he may not smoke. He will rarely get afloat before the afternoon while still within the

nor cheese, nor any wine but claret, and the very occasional champagne that circumstances may demand. Afterwards there will be the succulent orange, the sustaining glass of port, and, perhaps, the jorum of oatmeal before sleep. But before half-past ten the crew is sleeping, a dreamless sleep which may never be enjoyed save by those who have thus won it.

When the crews come to Putney they live in their flannels, wearing the coveted blue blazer all day, and being compelled even to walk the streets in it. Then they give their whole bodies to the river, going out twice a day, and attempting the terrible course at least three times in the final weeks. Yet the coming to perfection has been so gradual, the advance so imperceptible, that in the end the men row from Putney to Mortlake with no more cost than they would row the Adelaide or the Moultsford distances, and with no greater demand upon their physique.

This, then, in the broad view, is the making of the "Blue." It is the curriculum which, being adapted to the individuality of presidents, stand for all crews and all recent years, and upon such lines have the two eights which meet at Putney on Saturday morning been trained. To speak either of their present condition or of the prospects is scarce within my scope, but those who have followed their practice closely promise a victory for Oxford, and give weighty reasons for the faith that is in them. I do not forget, however, that there are many Etonians

L. Portman, University (Cox.),  
W. E. Crum, New College.

W. B. Stewart, Brasenose.  
E. G. Tew, Magdalen.

T. H. E. Stretch, New College.  
J. A. Morrison, New College.



M. C. Pilkington, Magdalen.

H. B. Cotton, Magdalen (Bow).

C. M. Pitman, New College (Stroke).  
Photo by Russell, Laker Street, W.

THE OXFORD CREW.

shadow of the buttery; but he is looked at askance if he reads and allows mind for a moment to contest a fall with matter. At one o'clock he may take a chop and half a pint of ale, or a little claret and water, and then the arduous work of the twenty-four hours is begun. It may be prefaced by a few minutes of particular instruction in a tub, but once afloat in the ship the men will row eight or ten miles, and occasionally a greater distance. Nor should it be imagined that such a row is no more exacting than those casual spins of like distance which the dilettante oarsman of the Upper Thames whiles away his holiday. Here the "Blue" is straining every nerve, is being abjured, or consoled, or anathematised by an adviser on the bank, whose gifts do not include that of retirement. At every stroke he is calling upon the larger muscles of his back and legs, is throwing the whole of his weight upon the oar, is exerting his mind to those technical errors of which he is so readily reminded. And when he returns from such an outing he will feel that life, after all, is a poor thing, and that of all drudgery the drudgery of the oar is the most wearing.

A cold "shower," a sharp walk back to college, dinner, and these gloomy reproaches vanish before the spirit of delicious ease, of pleasant fatigue, of craving for rest. In the earlier days of training, the pint of beer drunk at the evening meal is finer than all the nectar with which Hebe washed the Milky Way. Unassuageable thirst grips the oarsman, and prodigious hunger—but the latter is to be satisfied. Again, at dinner, he may eat as he will of fresh fish and juicy joint, of farinaceous puddings and wholesome vegetables. But pastries he must not know,

in the Cambridge boat, and the deception of the Etonian in training is a byword. In his own college his slackness is accepted as an article of his creed, and his indifference to the first principles of preparation a matter for boasting. But the 'Varsity course is another thing, and whether the Etonians now in the Light Blue boat will race for four miles and a-half as they are accustomed to race for two remains to be proved. For a surety, however, they will not discredit the great Doctor, and even in the face of the colossal strength and "devil" of their opponents they may be relied on to give us a contest which will not be over until the winning-post is passed.

#### HOW TO GO TO THE BOAT RACE.

The South-Western Railway Company will run special trains to the Race on Saturday from Waterloo, &c., to Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake from 7.30 a.m., returning after the Race at ordinary first, second, and third class fares. A special train will leave Ludgate Hill at 8 a.m. for Hammersmith, calling at all stations. For passengers wishing to view the Boat Race and afterwards attend Kempton Park Races, special tickets at fares of 3s. first class, 2s. second or third class, for the single journey, and 4s. first class and 3s. second class for the return journey, will be issued to Sunbury, for Kempton Park Races, by any train between 6.30 and 9.30 a.m., available to break the journey at Putney, Barnes, or Mortlake, and to go forward to Sunbury by any train, special or ordinary, up to 1 p.m.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The last honours which Mr. Gladstone will be responsible for were announced to-day. Peerages have been bestowed upon Sir R. E. Welby, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, who is about to retire, and Mr. Stuart Rendel, who has so often played the part of host to the ex-Premier. Mr. John Cowan, of Beeslack, who has acted as chairman of Mr. Gladstone's election committee since 1880, is made a baronet, and Sir Algernon West a Privy Councillor.—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre accepted the Presidency of the Local Government Board.—Mr. Gladstone has not outstayed his Parliamentary reputation. That was the tribute paid by the Duke of Devonshire at Yeovil this afternoon.—At the Drawing Room about 150 presentations were made.—A Labour member of the Brighton School Board characterised the proposal to have Union Jacks in the public elementary schools as a "lot of tomfoolery."—Dr. Santiago Ramon y Cajal, Professor of Physiology in Madrid University, got the LL.D. of Cambridge, this being the first occasion on which any Spaniard has had an honorary degree from that University. He delivers the Croonian Lecture on Thursday, being the first Spaniard to hold the post, as Count Goblet d'Alviella was the first to become Hibbert Lecturer (1891).—Mr. Augustus Wood, chairman of the committee of the Guildhall School of Music, in entertaining the Lord Mayor to dinner to-night, stated that there were from 30,000 to 40,000 students attending the music schools of this country, 3400 being at the Guildhall, where upwards of 5000 lessons are given a week.—The American Ambassador, as the guest of the British Empire Club at their Hilary dinner, said he had come to this country to strengthen the tie of amity and confidence between the two branches of the race that lived and thought English.—An International Art Exhibition was opened at Vienna.—Spain demands an indemnity of £792,000 from Morocco.—The entire French Press has greeted Lord Dufferin's speech at the British Chamber of Commerce with much satisfaction. The *Temps* contrasts English with French diplomacy, to the disadvantage of the latter.

Wednesday.

Mr. Gladstone caught a chill last night on walking home from Brooks's Club, and is confined to bed to-day with hoarseness. His political opponents continue to eulogise him. Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, said that he had never known Mr. Gladstone to have been so brilliant as during the past twelve months. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at Bristol, said it was impossible not to feel that something had gone which the country could ill afford to lose. Lord George Hamilton, at Ealing, doubted whether any Englishman ever before had attained as great a mastery over the English language.—The Queen and the Empress Frederick returned to Windsor.—The man Carter was ordered by Mr. Justice Grantham to be confined as a criminal lunatic at Holloway for threatening to murder her Majesty.—The Duke and Duchess of York received the wedding-gift of the people of Bombay.—The Royal Colonial Institute celebrated its twenty-sixth anniversary with a banquet, presided over by Lord Dunraven, and addressed by Mr. Bryce and Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, the Premier of Queensland.—It is reported that the Portuguese have obstructed the construction of the telegraph line between the British sphere of South-East Africa and Tete, on the Zambesi, and that they have been fired on by a British gunboat. On the Gambia, Fodi-Silah has again been beaten.—Sir Matthew Davies and Messrs. Millidge and Muntz were acquitted of the charge of defrauding the Mercantile Bank of Australia.—The state of siege in Brazil has been prolonged until May.—The latest of Mr. Edison's inventions is the "kinetoscope," an instrument for enabling an "average portrait" to be taken by photograph.

Thursday.

The new Cabinet was definitely constituted by Lord Tweedmouth accepting the post of Lord Privy Seal. Mr. Herbert Gladstone succeeds Mr. Shaw-Lefevre as First Commissioner of Works. Lord Rosebery held his first Cabinet Council. Mr. Gladstone is much better, but keeps his bed.—Mr. Herbert Paul, at Edinburgh, referred to the proposal to re-christen the Primrose League the Chamber of the Chamberlain Ornamental Orchids.—Lord Dudley went down to Bermondsey to-night to hold forth on the Employers' Liability Bill, and was met by such a hostile demonstration that he had to retire. An old woman tried to still the storm, and the meeting struck up the coster ditty, "He called his mucker his mar."—The Speaker appeared at the Westminster County Court in answer to a summons for "assaulting" a solicitor by the name of Chaffers, who has a grievance against Judges of the High Court. The Court found for Mr. Peel.—At the Westminster Police Court a woman was fined £10 for forging a false character to obtain employment in the house of Mr. John Morley.—Mr. Thomas Wright, editor of the *Morning Advertiser* until the other week, died to-day. He came from Leicester, where he was born in 1841, and began on the *Advertiser* in 1867.—Italy is now to get its turn of the bomb terror. A bomb was exploded this evening outside the Chamber of Deputies at Rome—happily, an hour after the adjournment of the House. A very violent explosion took place, one person being killed and five injured. Seven Anarchists, including Bourdin's father, were arrested in Paris.—The Spanish Cabinet has resigned.—The Czar and Czarina attended a ball in St. Petersburg given by the German Ambassador.—The British-Portuguese collision at Tete occurred by the attempts of the Mozambique Company to obtain pecuniary benefit from the Trans-Continent Telegraph Company, culminating in the pulling up of telegraph posts.

Friday.

Mr. Labouchere had his fling at Northampton to-night, when he supported a resolution condemning hereditary legislators. He ridiculed the terms in which Lord Rosebery's selection had been announced as if it were the coming of an archangel. There were too many Peers in the Cabinet, eating into the public granary every day.—Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, British Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Teheran, has been appointed her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He has been thirty-three years in the Diplomatic Service.—Mr. James Theobald, M.P. for the Romford division of Essex, missed his footing while entering a moving train at Romford, and, falling between the carriage and the platform, was very severely crushed.—Mr. Yates Thompson has withdrawn two of the conditions attaching to his offer to give £38,000 for building a monumental chapel at Westminster Abbey.—The Lord Mayor presided over a meeting of the Women's Total Abstinence Union held to meet the teetotal mayoresses of various towns, twenty-nine in number.

Saturday.

The Privy Council at Windsor was attended by all the Ministers having to exchange seals of office, and also by those to be sworn members.—In the evening the Premier, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Salisbury gave political dinners.—Mr. Hyndman denounced Lord Rosebery at the Social Democratic Club as an aristocrat of the aristocrats—supercilious to and contemptuous of the people to the last degree, trading upon his rank and proud of his inheritance.—An alternative scheme to that proposed by the *Westminster Gazette* for the founding of Gladstone Memorial Village Libraries is announced in the shape of a monster Gladstone Hall for London.—Mr. H. J. Tennant, the brother of the future Mrs. Asquith, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for Berwickshire. Mr. Humphreys Owen will be the Liberal and Mr. Robert Wynne the Conservative candidate for Montgomeryshire, vacant by Mr. Stuart Rendel's elevation to the peerage.—Mr. Theobald, M.P. for the Romford division of Essex, succumbed to his injuries this morning. The Liberal candidate will be Mr. Herbert H. Raphael.—The *Times* returns to its attacks on Lord Oxenbridge, for "it is not becoming that the ex-President of the Liberator Building Society should continue to hold a dignified office in the Administration."—Two plays were produced and four withdrawn in London to-night.—A reorganised union of 'busmen was inaugurated at a meeting after midnight, to protest against the return of the companies from the twelve- to the sixteen-hour day.—An exodus from the Transvaal to Mashonaland has drawn forth a manifesto from General Joubert, who describes his country as "the land blessed by God and by Nature."—Gonjur, on the Gambia, has been abandoned by the natives.

Sunday.

A club in Soho was raided in the early hours of this morning. It is said to be a gambling club, frequented chiefly by foreigners. Several men were arrested.—Mr. Le Gallienne spoke at the Sunday debates on the influence of the Press upon society. His main contention was that the public influenced the Press rather than the Press influenced the public. For Mr. Stead the Press was a sort of vast, emotional Whiteley's; for Mr. Newnes, a penny-in-the-slot, scissors-and-paste automatic machine. Fleet Street was the Cave of Echo. Mr. Grant Allen presided, this being his first appearance as the chairman of a public meeting.—Arrests of several Anarchists were made in Paris to-day. Since the beginning of the year 250 have been arrested.

Monday.

The third session of the thirteenth Parliament of her Majesty Queen Victoria was opened by commission this afternoon. An innovation was introduced in the Commons by Mr. Charles Fenwick moving the Address without Court dress. At noon a meeting of Liberal members of the House of Commons was held at the Foreign Office.—Sir Mortimer Durand has been appointed British Minister to Persia in succession to Sir Frank Lascelles, transferred to St. Petersburg.—Lord Oxenbridge has resigned his office as Master of the Horse.—It is reported from Paris this morning that a new "Life of Christ" has been discovered in a monastery in Tibet by a Russian traveller.

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**R. CATON WOODVILLE**, **A. FORESTIER**, **PHIL MAY**, **R. SAUBER**,  
**MELTON PRIOR**, **CECIL ALDIN**, **E. J. SULLIVAN**, **W. D. ALMOND**,  
**H. SEPPINGS WRIGHT**, **WILL B. ROBINSON**, **LANCELOT SPEED**,  
**R. A. BROWNLIE**, **GEO. LAMBERT**.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Office of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.



## "THE COTTON KING," AT THE ADELPHI.

An Adelphi melodrama can be judged by no standard of art. It dwells in a realm of its own, where virtue and vice engage in deadly combat without the smallest regard for the actualities of life. Nobody goes to the Adelphi with any intention of indulging in such an exotic luxury as a critical opinion. You know that reason will be assaulted by battalions of improbabilities, and all you ask is that they shall keep up the onslaught without any interval in which the dramatist's invention flags and the machinery creaks too audibly. Unhappily, in Mr. Sutton Vane's new melodrama the intervals of that kind are numerous and prolonged. You are quite willing to be harrowed in the orthodox fashion, but your feelings do not rise to a plot which is conducted largely by mysterious telegrams and letters from America. Indeed, a wholly disproportionate quantity of incident happens in that distant land in the course of the evening. For instance, the hero is put into a private lunatic asylum in New York between the acts, and before you have fairly grasped that fact he is back again, describing how the asylum took fire and how he escaped from his cell by tearing aside the iron bars of the window with "superhuman strength," and jumping fifty feet or so into the street beneath. Then new characters crop up without warning: witness a gentleman in the third act with a gun, which he taps mysteriously, after an incoherent account of the last wishes of a dying friend who said "Remember." You have a vague idea that this bodes Nemesis to the villain, who is certainly a man of resource. When he cannot marry the heroine, he tries to murder her by the original expedient of arranging that she shall nurse a small-pox patient, and when that fails he pushes her into a cage in the cotton mill, where she would be crushed to death by a descending lift but for another feat of "superhuman strength" by the gentleman from the asylum, who tears open the door of the cage as if it were cardboard. Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Cartwright are extremely energetic, and Miss Marion Terry gives the womanly touch that might be expected from her to a part which is really devoid of interest; but the continuity of sensation which a melodrama ought to provide is not there, and you gather nothing definite from the story except that Lancashire cotton operatives are very sensitive on the subject of feminine virtue.

## SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

### KEMPTON PARK RACES, SUNBURY.

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 16 AND 17.

**SPECIAL FAST TRAINS**, at Special Fares, from WATERLOO, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, and KENSINGTON LINE, in connection, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., returning from Sunbury after the Races. Trains from the Metropolitan, District, and North London Railways connect at Richmond with Special and Ordinary Trains to Sunbury. For fares, see bills.

The Ordinary Trains between London and Sunbury will be suspended from 10.45 a.m. to 1 p.m., but Special Trains will run at Special Fares. Also from Sunbury to London after the Races until 5.30 p.m. Passengers holding Ordinary Return Tickets cannot return till after 5.30 p.m.

For the purpose of enabling passengers attending Kempton to VIEW THE BOAT RACE, Special Tickets at fares of 3s. First Class, 2s. Second or Third Class, for the Single Journey, and 4s. First Class, and 3s. Second Class, for the Return Journey, will be issued to SUNBURY for Kempton Park Races, by any Train between 6.30 and 9.30 a.m. Available to break the journey at Putney, Barnes, or Mordlake, and to go forward to SUNBURY by any Train, Special or Ordinary, up to 1 p.m.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.—SATURDAY,

MARCH 17.—THE DIRECT SHORT ROUTE.—Putney in fifteen minutes.—ORDINARY FARES charged by all Trains, Special and Ordinary.—TRAINS from WATERLOO, VAUXHALL, and CLAPHAM JUNCTION to PUTNEY, BARNES, and MORTLAKE at frequent intervals, as required, from 7.30 a.m., returning after the Race.

**LUDGATE HILL LINE to HAMMERSMITH:** A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ludgate Hill at 8, calling at Borough Road 8.4, Elephant and Castle 8.6, Walworth Road 8.8, Camberwell New Road 8.11, Loughborough Junction 8.14, Brixton 8.17, and other Stations, arriving at Hammersmith 8.45 a.m.

The Company's Station at Putney is very near the starting-point, and Mortlake Station is within a few hundred yards of the finish of the Race. The West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, and the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, will be kept open until 10 p.m., and the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, London Bridge, until 8 p.m., on Friday, March 16, for the sale of Barnes Bridge and other tickets.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

## SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

#### CHEAP EXCURSIONS

**PARIS and Back**, 37s. 6d. (2nd Class), 30s. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26 inclusive. Tickets available for 14 days.

**BRUSSELS and Back**, via Calais, 54s. (1st Class), 40s. 6d. (2nd Class), 25s. 9d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only) and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26 inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**BRUSSELS and Back**, via Ostend, 40s. 7d. (1st Class), 30s. 1d. (2nd Class), 19s. 11d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.55 p.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**OSTEND and Back**, 32s. 6d. (1st Class), 25s. 6d. (2nd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**BOULOGNE and Back**, 21s. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10 a.m., Saturday, March 24.

Returning at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

**CALAIS and Back** on Bank Holiday, 17s. 6d. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m.

Returning at 12.45 or 3.45 p.m. same day, and 1.30 a.m. Tuesday, March 27.

Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will also be issued on Saturday, March 24. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 22s. (1st Class), 13s. 6d. (3rd Class).

Returning at 12.45 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

#### CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c., from LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (3rd Class).—

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

Ashford and Tunbridge Wells ... 3s. 0d. Ashford ... 3s. 6d.

Hythe and Sandgate ... 3s. 6d. Tunbridge Wells ... 4s. 0d.

Other Stations ... 4s. 0d. Other Stations ... 5s. 0d.

\* Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, 2s. 6d.

Also on EASTER SUNDAY.

Children under Twelve, Half-Fares.

**SPECIAL TRAINS** for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Various important special alterations and arrangements.

Continental and Mail Services as usual.

For further particulars see Bills and Holiday Programme.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE**, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris Terminus, near the Madeleine, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris		(1 & 2)	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London		(1 & 2)	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.			A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Victoria	dep.	9 0	9 0	8 50	Paris	dep.	9 0	9 20	9 0
London Bridge	"	9 0	9 0	9 0			P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Paris	arr.	6 30	6 50	8 0	London Bridge	arr.	7 0	7 0	7 40
					Victoria	"	7 0	7 0	7 50

\* Commencing Monday, March 19, the Day Service will be accelerated as shown above.

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.;

Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

Powerful steamers, with excellent deck and other cabins.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

## PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION

(1st and 2nd Class only), THURSDAY, March 22, by the above Special Express Day Service, leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27.

Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 26s.

## FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained

at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1894.

Tickets for all principal places on the London and North-Western system, available from either Euston or Kensington (Addison Road), and dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at the "Spread Eagle" Office, Piccadilly Circus, and other principal Town Meeting Offices of the Company, at Messrs. Gaze and Sons' Offices, 142, Strand, W.C.; 4, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; and 15, Westbourne Grove, W.; and at the Army and Navy Co-operative Society's Stores, 103, Victoria Street, Westminster, as well as at the Railway Stations.

On THURSDAY, MARCH 22, a SPECIAL EXPRESS will leave WILLESDEN at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Welton, Rugby, Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. SPECIAL EXPRESSES will leave EUSTON at 4.25 p.m. and 6.55 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden, Rugby, Coventry, and Stechford.

On the same date the 12 Midnight Train from Euston will be extended from Warrington to Preston on Good Friday, arriving at Preston 6.2 a.m.

On GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 23, the 5.15 a.m. Newspaper Express Train from London (Euston Station) will run to Blisworth, Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Rugby, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Crewe, Runcorn, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Oxenholme, Kendal, Windermere, Tebay, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. A Train will leave Manchester at 9.30 a.m. for Wigan, where passengers for Preston and the North can join the Newspaper Train.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave EUSTON at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring.

On FRIDAY NIGHT and SATURDAY MORNING, March 23 and 24, the 11.41 p.m. and 12.5 a.m. Trains from Carlisle will run as usual. The 12.5 a.m. will call at Oxenholme and Carnforth.

The other Trains generally on Good Friday will run as on Sunday, with the exception of the 10.40 a.m., Crewe to Holyhead, and 11.40 a.m., Holyhead and Chester, which will not be run.

On SUNDAY, MARCH 25, a Special Train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring.

On BANK HOLIDAY, EASTER MONDAY, March 26, the 12 noon and 4 p.m. Trains from Euston will leave at 12.10 noon and 4.10 p.m. respectively. The 4.30 p.m. Train from London will not be run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. Train, except those for Peterborough, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G. N. Line, who must travel by the 3.15 p.m. Train from Euston. Numerous residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important cities and towns will not be run. The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Monday, March 26, but the Corridor Dining Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see special notices issued by the Company.

Euston Station, March, 1894.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

#### EARLY ISSUE OF TICKETS.

The Midland Railway Booking Offices at ST. PANCRAS and MOORGATE STREET Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 21, 22, and 24. Tickets dated to suit the convenience of passengers will be issued at the principal West-End and City Receiving Offices of the Company, including 445, West Strand; 5, Charing Cross (corner of Northumberland Avenue); 1, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus; 33, Cannon Street; 495, Oxford Street; 13, Aldersgate Street; Messrs. Cook and Son's Tourist Offices, and the Railway Stations.

#### GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 23.

On Good Friday, the Trains will run as appointed for Sundays, with the following exceptions—The Newspaper Express will leave ST. PANCRAS at 5.15 a.m. and call at Leicester at 7.16 a.m., Nottingham 8.3 a.m., Derby 8.8 a.m., Sheffield 8.55 a.m., Leeds 10.50 a.m., Manchester (Central) 10 a.m., and Liverpool 12.20 p.m.

The Up Night Express will leave EDINBURGH and GLASGOW at 9.45 p.m., and CARLISLE at 12.38 a.m. for LONDON.

The 3.32 a.m. CARLISLE to STRANRAER, and 8.50 p.m. STRANRAER to CARLISLE, will run as usual in connection with Steamers to and from Ireland.

The Steamers between BARROW and BELFAST will sail on Good Friday in both directions. That from Barrow will await the arrival of the 4.5 p.m. Train from Leeds.

See other notices for excursion arrangements.

Derby, March, 1894.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

MARCH 20, 21, and 22, TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED IN ADVANCE AND DATED AS REQUIRED at King's Cross, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Victoria (L. C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Farringdon, Holloway, Finsbury Park, the various West-End, City, and other Offices; at the Offices of Swan and Leach, 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus; of William Whiteley, 151, Queen's Road, Bayswater; at the Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W.; of Messrs. Hernu, Peron, and Co., 95 and 100, Queen Victoria Street; of A. Jakins and Co., 99, Leadenhall Street (Leadenhall House), E.C.; 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; and Red Cap, 6, Camden Road, N.W.; and at Robertson's "Castle" Office, 191, Fulham Road, S.W.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, additional Trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. The Express from King's Cross at 10.40 p.m. on this date will be run through to Edinburgh.

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 30, the Trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. Express from King's Cross will be run to Peterborough, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Manchester, Bawtry, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c.

London, King's Cross, March, 1894.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

## EASTER IN HOLLAND, via the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

COMPANY.—HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND, leaving London every evening, and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning, and vice-versa. Return tickets at single fares from London and March from 19th to 24th instant inclusive.

GERMANY.—Direct services via the HOOK OF HOLLAND.

BELGIUM—BRUSSELS, the ARDENNES, &c., via ANTWERP daily (Sundays excepted).

Through service from Scotland, the Northern and Midland Counties, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March.

HAMBURG, by G.S.N. Company's steamers, from HARWICH, March 22 and 24, at single fares for the return journey. For further information apply to 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station E.C.



## A CHAT WITH MISS MARION TERRY.

I had been waiting at the stage-door of the Adelphi for a few minutes, when a messenger brought me word that Miss Marion Terry would see me at once. I followed my guide down some steps of Cimmerian darkness, and suddenly found myself on the huge Adelphi stage, where carpentering was being carried on in the background, while in front the



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS TERRY IN "KIT MARLOWE."

principals were rehearsing, and I had time to think how very disenchanting it was to see actors and actresses in their every-day garb, and with no scenic effects or limelight, practising for a performance in the dimly lighted proscenium.

Then Miss Terry, looking none the worse for her recent indisposition, came smilingly forward to greet me, bearing her type-written part in her hand.

"I am so sorry I have not been able to see you before," she commenced apologetically, bearing in mind that I had pleaded earlier, on behalf of readers of *The Sketch*, for a brief chat respecting Miss Terry's new part in London's home of melodrama. "But, you know, I have been ill. I have only just returned from the seaside, and am ever so busy rehearsing here, as well as at the St. James's for a special *matinée* of 'Liberty Hall'; but I will give you an appointment with pleasure a little later in the week"—and having settled the day and hour at which I might present myself at the pretty flat, I took my leave somewhat promptly, lest Mr. Gatti, who was passing backwards and forwards on the stage, should think I was monopolising too much of the leading lady's time.

When I called at Buckingham Palace Mansions, Miss Terry was very busy going over her part, one of her nieces (a daughter of Mrs. Arthur Lewis) having undertaken to hear her right the way through, to make sure she was letter-perfect: so I had a brief interval to myself, in which I was guilty of the rudeness of taking stock of the pretty double drawing-room, where odorous flowers in quaint vases were arranged in profusion. There were lilies-of-the-valley, a great bowl of Neapolitan violets on the grand piano, azaleas, white, salmon, and pink, daffodils blended with feathery mimosa, and soft pink "La France" roses, while a trail of smilax, carelessly thrust in an old blue vase on the topmost shelf of the overmantel, ran its graceful length down to the mantelpiece. Photographs came next in numbers. A big platinotype showed Miss Ellen Terry sitting between a couple of doggies, and bore the inscription, "Miss Marion Terry, from her faithful friends, Nell, Fussy, and Dummy"; there was Mr. Fred Terry and his beautiful wife and daughter in a variety of positions; little Miss Minnie Terry and her baby sister, the latter in her

night attire, with her lovely hair forming a perfect aureole round the childish face; and just on Miss Terry's desk stood a pair of portraits of the mother whose loss the gifted family still so deeply deplore.

Then Miss Terry, tall and graceful, in a soft green tea-gown, with a glimmering trimming of sequins, came in, with many apologies for my brief wait, and settled herself in a low chair before the fire.

"I want you to tell me something about your new part," I began.

"The Cotton King," said Miss Terry, meditatively; "a new class of play. Since the first year in which I appeared I have not played anything in the shape of melodrama; then I was in the 'Two Orphans.'"

"What led you to join the Adelphi company?"

"Because I can't bear being idle. I love my work, and I am never so happy as when fully employed. My profession counts with me before everything else. I enjoy it all, even the rehearsals, though I sometimes come home thoroughly exhausted from them. And so, when I was asked to take part in the new Adelphi production I consented. Mr. Wyndham wanted me to join him at the Criterion; but, then, I had nearly concluded my arrangements with Mr. Gatti, and it will be a complete change for me. My engagement at the Adelphi is only for a short time."

"What style of heroine do you specially prefer to interpret?"

For answer Miss Terry threw up her hands with a comical gesture of dismay. "I was sure you would ask that question. I do hope you won't want me to tell you why I went on the stage and how I made my *début*. Most of the interviewers start at that point, and I always feel inclined to commence, 'Once upon a time.' But I will tell you this: I should like to play a part like Paula in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'; that is a superb part. Mr. Alexander and Mr. Pinero both thought, as I had been for some time past identified with the sympathetic heroine, Paula was unsuitable for me; all the same"—half ruefully—"I should have loved it. Yes; I am still a member of Mr. Alexander's company, and I have had very happy times at the St. James's, where everyone has been so nice. We were all very happy together. I have been three years and a half with Mr. Alexander. I began with 'Sunlight and Shadow'; then came 'The Idler,' by Haddon Chambers, 'Lord Anerley,' 'Forgiveness,' 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' and 'Liberty Hall.' When Mr. Alexander went on tour at the end of each London season, I have gone too, and have played all my parts in these pieces in the provinces. I am fond of the part of Mrs. Erlyne in 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' and I was not a virtuous heroine there," wound up Miss Terry, still harking back to the dazzling part of Paula.

"By-the-way, are you not responsible for your little niece, who has scored so successfully in 'Cinderella'?"

"Yes, Minnie has been my pupil since the very beginning. She is a daughter of my brother Charles. She played with me in 'Partners,' at



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS TERRY AND MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "LIBERTY HALL."



the Haymarket, for a time. Just now she is getting to an awkward age, for, though she is such a baby child, she is becoming so tall and broad, and her voice is very full and rich."

"I suppose Miss Minnie Terry is the youngest member of your family in the profession?"

"Not quite, for her little sister went on in 'Olivia.' Mr. Grundy said the other day that the baby daughter of my brother Fred was going to be the actress of the family, but, as Phyllis is hardly eighteen months old, it is rather early days to decide. Is she not a little darling?"—and Miss Terry brought me a photo to admire, in which the child was being held up, her little face pressed close against her mother's. "My sister-in-law is a very lovely person, I think," said Miss Terry, enthusiastically. "I may be prejudiced, because I am very fond and very proud of her. Still, I don't think anyone can doubt how beautiful she is," and certainly Miss Julia Neilson, in this unprofessional picture, looked her very loveliest.

"My brother Fred and I have always been tremendous friends, perhaps because he and I were the unmarried ones, living at home with our parents till two years ago, when my mother died. Fred only left us when he was married. We are a very attached family, I think, and the death of our mother was a fearful blow. She devoted her whole life to her children, and what we did was of more moment to her than anything else. I am so glad we have such good portraits of her," and Miss Terry handed me the pair of pictures that I had before observed on the desk; another portrait stood on the piano, while from a glass cupboard on the mantelsheff the actress produced a delicately finished miniature. "This is so like her," she said tenderly; "the beautiful silvery hair and the soft face. Her complexion was just like that of a child."

I traced a likeness in the sweet, sensitive countenance to both Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry, and remarked upon it.

"Yes; we were considered to resemble our mother. My father says I am the more like her. Our parents always attended every 'first night' in which any of us appeared, and my father still preserves the custom."

"I suppose you do not often have the opportunity of seeing each other act?"

"No; very seldom, indeed. We often make a rush at the end of our own performances when one or the other is appearing in a new play. I remember with 'Hypatia,' at the Haymarket, I arrived just in time to see the curtain lowered on the lifeless bodies of my brother and his wife. My sister Ellen and I are considered to resemble each other in our acting, and yet it can only be a family likeness, as we rarely see each other on the boards. My sister comes home from America next month, you know, and I shall be delighted to see her again."

"You have never visited America yourself?"

"No," reflectively; "I don't think I am specially anxious to cross. Two or three times I have been on the verge of going, and for some reason or the other it has always fallen through; but I may appear in America some day."

"Have you and your sister ever played together?"

"Well, when I was a child we took part in an amateur performance; curiously enough, it was at the St. James's. I was a little girl, and Nell was my governess. Twice, later, we have played in benefits together. Once, for my brother, we appeared at the Avenue in a scene from 'The Hunchback,' which pleased very much, and before that, when my sister Florence (Mrs. Morris) had her farewell benefit, we all three played together in the trial scene from 'The Merchant of Venice.' My sister Ellen was Portia, I played the Clerk, and Florence was Nerissa; so we were all similarly attired in cap and gown."

"I don't want to put you in the confessional, Miss Terry, but I think it is fair to presume that you have a special weakness for flowers?" I said, looking round at the numerous floral tributes.

"Yes; I admit it at once. It would be my particular extravagance were not my friends most good in keeping me well supplied, but if they were not so kind I should be obliged to allow myself something weekly from my salary to buy flowers: the lily-of-the-valley is my especial favourite."

"And have you time for any other hobbies or pursuits amid your busy life?"

"Well, of course, my profession ranks before everything else; but I am very fond of music, and play a good deal in my occasional intervals of leisure; then, I like elaborate needlework"—a fact which the cushions and *portières* amply testified—"though I have no time to do it myself. I have a fancy also for picking up old bits of brocade, engravings, furniture, and silver," directing my attention to the well-stocked 'silver table.' "It is quite a pleasure to accumulate these treasures one by one."

"Are you going to wear any lovely gowns in your new part at the Adelphi?" I inquired, for I went to see her before the production of the play.

"I can't tell you much about the frocks, as they will not be very striking. I am neither very rich nor very poor. I should have liked to wear the genuine dress of a mill-girl, with the short linsey skirt, and the kerchief, and the shawl over the head; but as I am no longer a mill-hand they will not allow me that costume. I am to wear something rather above that position," half humorously, and that was really all I could learn about the new part, though as I made my way down the wide staircase I looked up for a last adieu to the graceful lady at the head of the stairs, with her pale-green robes trailing picturesquely about her, and Miss Terry, half mischievously, remarked, "You will know much more about it when the piece has been played a few nights." With the memory of an arch smile and a most fascinating personality, I then passed out into the hum and roar of the cheerful, sunshiny streets.

L. E.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is thought by many people that Lord Rosebery has never won a classic race. They are mistaken, for in 1883 Bonny Jean credited the Prime Minister with the Oaks. Bonny Jean was a daughter of Macaroni, who won the Derby for Mr. R. C. Naylor as long ago as 1863. Mr. Naylor is still alive, but he has retired from the Turf.

Lord Rosebery ran a horse named Ladas in the Derby of 1869—Pretender's year. In the following year his Lordship, then only twenty-two, was elected a member of the Jockey Club. His Lordship's first great handicap triumph was gained at Epsom, Aldrich winning the City and Suburban of 1874. It was through Matthew Dawson—the trainer of Ladas—that Lord Rosebery came very near winning the Derby of 1874, his Lordship purchasing Couronne de Fer out of the veteran's stable. Couronne de Fer finished second, victory resting with George Frederick, which was sold in 1892 for 65 guineas, and was afterwards sent to America.

There were good grounds for the Ladas scare, as the Derby horse was stopped in his work, owing, so report says, to having hit his leg. This is an accident that under favourable conditions can be soon remedied; but if the colt is hindered in his preparation again, from whatever cause, I should not stand him for the classic races. I think the Premier would be well advised if he kept Ladas specially for the Derby, and not risk his running over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket. I hear the best accounts of Bullingdon, and it may be that the Duke of Westminster will have a successful season with his racehorses.

The Newmarket men of observation are not altogether satisfied with the trial of Grey Leg, and they say the colt cannot stay a mile. If this is the fact, we need not further discuss the chance of his winning the Lincoln Handicap. I think the best candidate at the head-quarters of the Turf is William, who is doing strong work daily. He has only to be at his best on the day to lose his opponents, and Tom Jennings knows how to train a horse for Lincoln. Old Tom still finds time to dabble in politics, and he also takes an interest in the Newmarket Waterworks and the Subscription Rooms.

Mrs. Chaloner, who, as I have before mentioned, is the only woman trainer in the world, is very proud of her five sons. The eldest, Tom,

does well as a public trainer, and he has some very wealthy patrons. George is a first-class jockey, who will get the pick of some good mounts this year. Richard, unfortunately, put on flesh too fast, and he had to retire from the saddle, and now has charge of his mother's training establishment. Philip is apprenticed to Martin Gurry, one of the best masters in Newmarket; and the youngest boy, Harry, is an apprentice of Matthew Dawson's. He has been specially retained to ride Marnovia in the Lincoln Handicap. I look forward hopefully to Philip's riding some good winners in 1894. He will have the handling of one of Gurry's pair in the Lincoln



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

P. CHALONER.

Handicap. It will be remembered that last year he rode Gangway, who finished second, and he handled the colt well.

The death of Mr. H. B. Bromhead, who was so well known as "Boris" of the *Referee*, came as a great surprise to his friends in sporting circles, as he was always looked upon as being a strong and healthy man. I had known him for many years, and, strange to say, on the day before he was stricken down with his fatal illness he promised to get a portrait taken for reproduction in this column. Deceased was a hard worker, and he contributed sporting articles to quite half a score of papers. He was very fond of running down to Hley to see James Dover's horses at exercise, and I believe he owned a two-year-old or two. Mr. Bromhead was originally intended for the law, but he found a good opening in sporting journalism, and, I think, made a big income by his pen.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

The Omarians who dined at Frascati's must have felt they were in more intimate touch with Persia and old Omar and Edward FitzGerald than in any former moment of their spiritual conclave. First, they had an official symbol of Persia in the presence of his Excellency General Mirza Mohammed Ali Khan, the Persian Minister, who sat on the right of the President, Mr. George Whale, with whom he conversed fluently in his—not the President's—native tongue. What passed between them did not, as the reporters would say, transpire; but, as his Excellency withdrew before the speeches, it was surmised that he had already imbibed so much wit and erudition that he felt any further acquisition would be positively oppressive. This was a pity, for he missed the toast of his health, proposed by Mr. Henry Norman. Apparently, the Omarians are not yet as Persian as Mr. Norman would wish, but after listening to Mr. H. Lynch's graphic account of his visit to a Persian house, where he was shyly inspected through a lattice by broad, brown, liquid eyes, they were in a much more Oriental mood. The President read a letter from Edward FitzGerald to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, notable for several things, especially for the term "Omarian," which is now definitely adopted by the members of the club. This alone would have made the evening historic, but it was fruitful of incident. Mr. L. F. Austin, in proposing the health of the members' guests, invited any who had never heard of Omar to unbosom themselves without fear—an invitation which was joyously accepted by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Having inadvertently described Mr. George Armour, one of the most devoted of book-collectors, as the chief representative of a world-renowned business at Chicago, Mr. Austin sought to make amends by offering Mr. Edmund Gosse's guest the title of Armour Khayyám. Mr. George Saintsbury genially responded to the toast on behalf of the "Higher Criticism," and then Mr. S. J. Solomon contributed to the general atmosphere of Eastern languor by assuring the company in a mellifluous tenor that "the kingdom of my heart, love, is within thy loving arms." If the Song of Solomon and the Gospel according to St. Justin Huntly McCarthy do not make a dinner in Oxford Street a purely Oriental entertainment, then is our boasted imagination a thing of naught.



COME, FILL THE CUP, AND IN THE FIRE OF SPRING  
YOUR WINTER-CARMENT OF REPENTANCE  
FLING;

MENU CARD OF THE CLUB DINNER, MARCH 5.—DRAWN BY J. J. SHANNON.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Spring is making rapid strides here, and we have bid a final adieu, I hope, to wintry weather. The chestnuts all along the Champs Elysées are already quite green, and the buds trying to burst through and gladden the hearts of all beholders by their lovely pink-and-white blossoms. I was in the country for two days last week, and found the banks and hedges full of fragrant white and blue violets and the apricot-trees almost in full flower, which is wonderfully advanced for this time of the year. In another fortnight the asparagus will be ready to cut in the open air. Near the little village of Bonnières, where I was staying, whole fields of this delicious vegetable are grown, and chiefly for the English market.

The Prince of Wales did and saw a great deal during his two days' stay here. A lunch at the British Embassy and a visit to the President were soon over, and then pleasure followed in the shape of a visit to the Palais de Glace, where the fine skating on natural ice interested our coming king. The same evening the Prince went to see "Izely" at the Renaissance Theatre, and afterwards went "behind," and personally complimented the great Sarah on her wonderful acting in this most exciting piece. His Royal Highness was most respectfully saluted by a large crowd, who had patiently waited outside the theatre the whole of the evening when it was known that a *loge* had been reserved for the Prince of Wales.

The life of popular Lord Dufferin is anything but an easy one in his official capacity of British Ambassador at Paris. The wildest *canards* are constantly being circulated about him, the latest of which was published, under the cowardly "all reserve," of course, in an evening paper. It was stated that the President had written an autograph letter to the Queen to recall Lord Dufferin at once, if she desired that he should avoid the affront of receiving his passports. The paper went on to state that this letter was taken by Commandant Marin Darbel to be registered at the Quai d'Orsay, as is customary before being given to the Cabinet messenger. Naturally, there was not a word of truth in the whole matter, but, all the same, it serves to show in what light the English are regarded by certain sections in France. The Germans are *openly* detested, but deep down in their hearts hatred for and jealousy of the English people generally are the true sentiments of the French nation. Anyone living in France and really knowing the French will bear me out in this somewhat strong, but, nevertheless, strictly veracious, statement.

The Duchesse d'Uzès was recently the victim of what might have proved a most disastrous mistake at Barcelona. She was being rowed out to the French cruising training-ship *Iphigénie*. Close by lies the Spanish cruiser *Navarro*, which is being used at present as a prison for Anarchists, against whom the Spaniards are justly very bitter. The sentinel of the *Navarro*, seeing the small boat approaching apparently his ship, fired on it, thinking they were coming to the rescue of some Anarchist. The Duchesse was naturally very frightened, but no harm was fortunately done.

The Battle of Flowers at Mentone was not such a success as usual, owing to the mistral prevailing. However, there were many beautifully-decked carriages, that of Mlle. Liane de Pongy receiving the first banner. Her victoria was prettily decorated with pink and white anemones, while a huge butterfly of the same flowers fluttered over the heads of the occupants of the carriage, and a similar one, only smaller, over each horse. Pale-green satin ribbons served as reins and otherwise decorated this fairy-like equipage.

Suicide has succeeded small-pox as the prevailing epidemic. One day this week no less than a dozen cases were reported by the police, seven of which were caused by drowning. I am told that the Morgue is visited by nine out of every twelve English who come to Paris, no matter the sex. I was lost in astonishment a few weeks ago by a friend of mine who insisted on going there, and made her less stony-hearted husband accompany her. This particular young woman is, as a rule, anything but strong-minded, and frightened to death of poor little innocent mice and beetles. Yet she talked quite complacently of the horrors she had seen at the Morgue, and could sleep calmly after them!

Madame Lebaudy has sold her yacht, the *Semiramis*, to Mr. Anthony Drexel, banker, of Philadelphia. M. Max Lebaudy, for whom this beautiful yacht of 700 tons was originally bought, and who refused to use it, is putting his whole heart and soul in steeplechasing, pigeon-shooting, and other manly sports, chiefly with the intention, I believe, of giving the lie to his detractors, who stated that he only lived for vicious pleasures.

Mrs. Langtry and her beautiful toilettes, which were the envy and despair of every woman near her, has left Monte Carlo, where, in spite of her celebrated hauls, she has left over £7000 behind her to swell the banking account of Messrs. Edmond and Camille Blanc.

MIMOSA.







## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to return to Windsor Castle at the end of April, and will remain there until the middle of May, when her Majesty goes to Balmoral, and will stay in Scotland until the third week in June, when the Court comes south to Windsor.

The royal train arrived at Flushing on Monday from Brussels, where it is kept at the Gare du Nord. The two saloon carriages which the Queen uses on her Continental journeys are her own private property. One is fitted up as a sitting-room, with writing-tables, arm-chairs, and every possible comfort, and the other is arranged as a bed-room and dressing-room. The bed-room contains two small beds, one for the Queen and the other for Princess Beatrice, and there is also accommodation for two "dressers." In the day saloon a compartment is kept for the Queen's Highland servant and one of the Indian attendants.

The arrangements for the Queen's safe conveyance from Flushing to Florence involve an immense amount of work, as, apart from the ordinary difficulties of the officials in disorganising the traffic to suit the royal special, there is always the chance of an entire change of programme at the very last moment, as the Queen would not cross the Channel in either very rough or foggy weather. For forty-eight hours before her Majesty started telegraphic messages were constantly passing between Windsor Castle and Port Victoria. The royal trip to the Continent will, it is estimated, involve an outlay of about £12,000, without taking into consideration the rent to be paid for the Villa Fabbriotti. The telegraph bill alone while the Queen is abroad amounts to several hundreds of pounds, a telegraph wire being set aside for her exclusive use, and available at any hour of the day or night, as her Majesty may require.

In anticipation of the Queen's visit to Florence, the hotels and pensions are crowded with English and American visitors, who have been pouring into the city during the past week in order that they may be there while the Queen is at the Villa Fabbriotti, though it is difficult to conceive what special benefit they will derive from her Majesty's residence, as the Queen will preserve the strictest *incognita*. While the Queen is at Florence the road from the city to the Villa Fabbriotti will be kept lighted all night, and a picket of the Guardia di Città quartered just outside the Villa gates.

For many years it was a draconian rule that the Master of the Household should go everywhere with the Court. Sir John Cowell has managed lately to get this edict cancelled, and the Master is now only required to be in attendance at Windsor and Osborne. While the Queen is abroad Sir John will get six weeks' holiday, which he proposes to spend at Clifton Castle, the fine place in Yorkshire which Lady Cowell inherited from her father, Mr. Pulleine, who was for a long time chairman of the North-Eastern Railway.

I have always understood that Gibraltar was a most delightful spot: fortifications and flirtations, sunshine and soldiers, sailors and scenery, made a *tout ensemble* that was quite irresistible. Indeed, some acquaintances of mine who went to the Rock for a few days remained there for four months, so delighted were they with the charm of their surroundings. Now I hear that the accustomed gaiety is enhanced by the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, who is making a formal inspection of this historic pendant of our Empire. I hear that the good folks of "Gib." are doing all in their power to make things pleasant for the Duke, who on Wednesday visited the celebrated St. Michael's Cave, which was illuminated for the occasion. Owing to the exposed position of the town and the long range of modern guns, the fortress cannot be considered impregnable as of yore, and for this reason it has been rumoured that there was a probability of the restoration of this important possession to its original owners, and that before many years are over the "Key of the Mediterranean" will be given up in the same manner as Heligoland. Mr. Labouchere will, doubtless, preach the doctrine of "Spain for the Spaniards," but the bulk of Englishmen, I think, would regret to see the predictions of the "croakers" fulfilled, and "Gib.," which has cost many lives and vast sums of money, unoccupied by a British garrison.

A romance of one of the Premier's forbears, though it is not to be found in the pages of Burke or DeBrett, is vouched for by the excellent authority of Chambers's "Book of Days." The nobleman was Lord Dalmeny, the son of the second Earl of Rosebery, who in the first half of last century encountered in London a charming lady, whom he persuaded to marry him, and who accompanied him on a tour on the Continent. This union, though it was concealed from the relatives of both bridegroom and bride, appears to have fulfilled the essential conditions of matrimony, and to have conferred on Kitty Cannon and her noble lord both harmony and happiness. But while still in the height of their wedded bliss the lady was stricken by a mortal illness. When assured that there was no chance of her recovery, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote these startling words, "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, Rector of Thorpe, in Essex. My maiden name was C. Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe." Lord Dalmeny always protested his entire ignorance of this previous marriage, and bitterly mourned his loss. He determined, however, to carry out the last wishes of one he had loved so well, and, having had the body embalmed, contrived to convey it to England, assuming the name of Williams for the purpose of his journey. At Colchester, where he landed, the chest containing the remains was opened by the Custom House officers, who suspected a case of smuggling. The body was placed in the church, and the young nobleman took his stand beside it, so absorbed in grief that the scene reminded an imaginative and sympathetic bystander of Romeo and Juliet. Suspicion of foul play having been aroused, Lord Dalmeny at length explained the circumstances in which he was placed, and the real husband was sent for to identify the remains. The meeting between these two men is stated to have moved all who beheld it. Of the two, it is said the second husband (not unnaturally, perhaps) seemed most desirous to do honour to the memory of the deceased. He had a splendid coffin prepared for her, and attended the body to Thorpe, where Mr. Gough met him, and the burial service was performed with all due solemnity. "Kitty Cannon," says the local narrator of the period, "is, I believe, the first woman in England that has had two husbands to attend her to the grave together." Lord Dalmeny died a few years later, in 1755, in the thirty-first year of his age, and unmarried.

A capital story was told years ago of Lord Rosebery, which is worth repetition, now that he is the hero of the hour, as an illustration of his ready tact. Shortly after leaving Oxford, Lord Rosebery was staying with some friends near Slough, and while passing an idle hour in the grounds at Windsor met her Majesty. The Queen, recognising the young earl, beckoned to him to approach, and commenced the conversation, in the regulation English manner, by a remark on the dulness of the weather. Said Lord Rosebery, with a bow, "Ma'am, it is always fine where you are." The Queen was delighted with this "happy thought."



AT THE LEVÉE.



Finding that the fires of inspiration were getting very low, and threatening to go out altogether, I hid me down to Hastings. Probably to celebrate my visit, the weather cleared up wonderfully, the sun came out, and the inhabitants and visitors followed suit. On the pier Mr. Charles Coborn sang about a man who met with an unusual experience at Monte Carlo, and the people flocked to hear him. They evidently do not share the opinion of Palace Theatre audiences with regard to aged songs. I, having heard the *répertoire* of the comedian "twice several times once more," as the Frenchman said, sought rest and ozone on the seashore. I apostrophised the sad sea waves, telling them how hard I had been working, and to my surprise they answered me. The conversation was as follows—

THE WRITER: Wild waves, what are you saying,  
As you make such a row on the shore?

THE WAVES: You grumble at working eight hours a day,  
We have to work twenty-four.

I was horrified to hear them give utterance to the last two lines, but a friend told me there had been a lot of agitation among the waves lately and several neap tides. That gave me my opportunity. I charged the waves with having taken advantage of the neap tides to knock off work. I must have made them feel ashamed, for they subsided at once.

Yes, Hastings is fairly lively at present. The hotels are patronised; but the legends, "Lodgings," "Apartments," "Bedrooms," which are lavishly displayed, indicate an absence of the trippers who are the lawful plunder of the genus landlady. The landlady herself goes about wearing a hungry and worried look. Her last year's profits are well-nigh gone, but the lodger cometh not. From my heart I pitied her, and on seeing a particularly pinched specimen, broke out in a fresh place with—

A lay of the landlady, lying in wait,  
With no one to plunder by night and by day,  
With a household to feed and the servants to pay,  
And no chance of lodgers in April or May,  
Oh, pity her pitiful state!

Does she dream of the terms upon which she'll insist?  
Though "No one who stops here is known to complain—  
In fact, all my visitors come back again";  
But only—and this she forgets to explain—  
To inquire after things they have missed.

O Dame of the lodging-house down by the shore,  
Cheer up, for the spring time brings June in its train,  
When, with plenty of sunshine and absence of rain,  
The sea-loving public will turn up again,  
And the profits pour in as of yore.

I sang this song on the pier while the sea wind brought the inspiration upon me, but when I had reached the end of the third verse the sun went in suddenly and the wind rose. Musing upon theories of cause and effect, I dropped into prose once more, and the weather brightened up.

I was talking the other day about the stage effect of such formidable appliances as steam-hammers and circular saws, but, really, I think that the audiences of popular provincial and non-West-End theatres enjoy almost as much the turn-out of the fire-engine and horses in a well-known melodrama, "The Still Alarm," the sensational bowie-knife combat between an American-Indian actress-authoress and the villain in her play, or even a good murder scene.

An intimate friend of mine has had the evil fortune to be cast for the part of a man who is strangled in a drama, taken from the French by Mr. Arthur Shirley, called "The Grip of Iron." The leading character is that of a herculean scoundrel, who goes about strangling people. In a gorgeously tinted souvenir of the two-thousandth performance of this piece which I have before me, I observe, among other thrilling incidents, that in which my unhappy friend—in his stage character, of course—is thrown across a table and deliberately throttled by the above-mentioned ruffian. There is no accounting for tastes, for the lucky manager who is touring this piece with two companies is doing splendid business everywhere.

A dramatisation of Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The Bondman" (an unauthorised version, I am afraid), was produced at Hoboken last September, under the picturesque title of "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and has now found its way to the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. Not the least attractive part of this stage version of Mr. Hall Caine's powerful work seems to have been found in the scenic effects. For

instance, in the fourth act some sulphur mines in Iceland are represented, and the explosion of the mines and the concurrent belching forth from the burning mountain of a torrent of boiling lava are realised most successfully. At Drury Lane, the Adelphi, or the Princess's such a theme as this, if properly handled, would, to use the cant phrase, "draw all London." Mr. Wilson Barrett, I believe, holds rights in the contemplated authorised version of "The Bondman." All, of course, remember his clever staging of "Ben-my-Chree," adapted by actor-manager and novelist from "The Deemster."

Mr. Tree's experiment of a *matinée* in Birmingham was crowned with complete success, and a crowded audience paid the extra prices cheerfully. By-the-way, I hear that the 28th inst. has been fixed for the production of "The Talisman" at the Haymarket, as "The Charlatan" has failed to satisfy expectations. I likewise hear on excellent authority that the autumn will see the production of "Fedora," for which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been engaged. It is safe to predict that this will be the event of the season. The Alhambra and Empire are busy with rehearsals of new ballets to supersede "Chicago" and "Katrina," but the Empire one will not be called "Cremorne."

The news that in the new musical up-to-date concoction entitled "King Kodak," to be produced ere long at Terry's Theatre, we shall once again behold the "twinkling feet" of Miss Kate Vaughan, unrivalled in the poetry of motion, and enjoy the delightful humours of Mr. Edward Terry in burlesque, will be heartily welcomed by those who are old enough to remember the old days of Gaiety burlesques; while for the younger generation of playgoers, who have never had such an opportunity, a delightful novelty should be in store. Who that remembers that inimitable quartette—Terry, Nelly Farren, Royce, and Kate Vaughan—who, in a series of burlesques during some five or six years, drew crowds to the Gaiety, will fail to rush and see two of their favourites in the new piece? If "King Kodak" provides the necessary material, there can be little doubt of the success of the new venture at the theatre of the deservedly popular actor-manager.

Another former favourite of the London stage is about to make her *réentrée* in Lady Violet Greville's new play at the Criterion in the person of Miss Emily Fowler, who has too long been absent from the boards. It must have been in 1868 or 1869, I think, that I first saw Miss Fowler at the little theatre in King William Street. Here she won all our susceptible young hearts by her charming face, her graceful figure, her dancing, and her vivacity in burlesque and tights. As a boy she was delightful, and in later years she proved herself an excellent actress of more serious rôles in "Clancarty" and the "Two Orphans." The last time I saw Miss Fowler was at the Lyceum, where she appeared in Mr. Irving's revival of "The Corsican Brothers" in September, 1880.

The Orleanists have now practically abandoned their pretensions in France. It is mainly a matter of £ s. d. Hitherto the Comte de Paris has had to defray the greater portion of the expenses himself, and, seeing no prospect of obtaining any return for them, he has decided to withdraw while he still has something to keep. He talks airily of taking up the cudgels again in 1897. Why in 1897? But many things may easily happen in the meanwhile.



THE FIELD-FISHER QUARTETTE.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



I am asked by a correspondent at Castle Douglas, in the county of Kirkcudbright, to fortify him and other admirers of *The Sketch* in that town against the committee of the local Mechanics' Institute, who have decided to discontinue their subscription to this journal. It appears that this arbitrary action has excited so much ferment that a public meeting has been called for the purpose of censuring the committee. I am sorry that *The Sketch* should be the subject of unhappy quarrels in a community which, I am sure, is otherwise distinguished by brotherly love. But I cannot resist the temptation to commend the free and enlightened citizens of Castle Douglas for their resolve to testify in public meeting their appreciation of *The Sketch*, and their emphatic dissent from the narrow views of the ultra-Puritanical officials who look after the morals of the mechanics. These worthies are, it appears, scandalised by some pictures in this paper. It is bad, in their opinion, for a mechanic to see our reproductions of well-known paintings, which he certainly would study if he had an opportunity of visiting the galleries of Europe. I do not see why a Mechanics' Institute should be cut off from this knowledge of art, or from a respectful contemplation of the charms of Mr. Bassano's types of English beauty. I will put a question to the committee, a question which, I hope, will be repeated at the public meeting. Do they object to the study of Burns by mechanics? There is a good deal in that illustrious bard which is in perfect harmony with *The Sketch*. Were he living now, Burns would certainly be one of our most diligent readers. I appeal to Castle Douglas in his immortal words, slightly adapted to the occasion—

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wha Burns hae aften read,  
Dinna by puir loons be led  
To your misery.  
Though committees look sae sour,  
Dinna sit ye down and cower;  
Ower *The Sketch* spend half an hour  
If ye wad be free!

Golf is no respecter of persons. It has come down from its northern fastnesses like the Assyrian wolf, and folk of every rank and every age fall an easy and a willing prey. The handsome little fellow who is



Photo by Crowe and Rodgers, Stirling.

MASTER GEORGE ERNEST GRANT-GOVAN.

wielding his club in the accompanying portrait is an enthusiastic golfer. He is the son of Mr. Ernest W. Grant-Govan, the Unionist candidate for North-East Bethnal Green, and, although only five years and three months old, is an adept in the game.

The announcement of Don Carlos' betrothal came as a surprise to most of his followers. It had been stated in his organ that he had set out upon a journey, about which it was hoped "a very satisfactory announcement" might shortly be made; but only those in his immediate confidence had any inkling of what this "satisfactory announcement" would be. He is forty-six, but scarcely looks his age, while his bride-elect is thirty-four, so there is no great disparity of age. Don Carlos' former marriage was not an unhappy one, though dissimilar tastes drove him to live apart from his wife. He made his home at Venice, but paid her visits regularly two or three times a year at Viareggio, in Tuscany, where he has resided since her death fourteen months ago. He preferred

this residence because he had greater facilities there for indulging in his favourite pastime of riding. He has four daughters and one son, who is now travelling in the far East. Don Carlos' courtship was conducted on old-world lines. On his way to the castle of the De Rohans, whose alliance he sought, he paid a ceremonial visit to his mother at Gratz, to ask her blessing on his errand. Although a great-grandmother, she is not yet seventy, and enjoys excellent health. Don Carlos is devoted to her, and consults her on all matters of moment.

A recent enactment in Belgium has made it obligatory for brides to have their "marriage-lines" gorgeously bound in gilt-edged morocco. This is considerably done—or, in other words, done for a consideration—by the municipalities, who have now taken to binding up a quantity of more or less useful information with the documents. There is a summary of the Belgian marriage laws, a rough and ready lesson on the treatment of children, and a table with spaces for a catalogue of the issue of the marriage. The table contains room for twelve children to be entered, so I may take it that that number is the extreme limit tolerated by Belgian burghers in a well-conducted family. The manual seems only to need the addition of a few choice recipes and a hint or two on the best means of obtaining divorces in order to defy criticism.

Every bride who marrieth nowadays is gripped with the notion of a pretty wedding. It is not enough to have made captive an eligible universal provider, but she also longs to lead the cotillon of the season's smart weddings by having bouquets, bridesmaids, and banquet as picturesquely presented as it is possible to make them. "Harlequin bridesmaids," Liliputian court pages, and other flights of the matron-in-embryo's fancy have, however, been improved upon by some recent American wedding functions, where the six, eight, or ten bridesmaids, as the case may be, followed their white-robed leader up the aisle, singing together that wonderful morsel of Wagnerian melody, "The Bridal Chorus," from Lohengrin. This idea strikes me as charming, and one which might be adopted here with advantage, if only to lighten the intense dreariness and formality of the ordinary tying-up process among our sober selves.

All the single ladies in town are lamenting the too brief delights of the Cat Show at the Westminster Aquarium. Every possible example of feline fascination was on exhibition, and many who would have given much to see puss in such varying conditions were disappointed by the rather prompt closure. Nearly five hundred tabbies were on view, from the largest variety, almost leopard-like in appearance and size, to the tiniest kittens that ever opened eyes on a hospitable kitchen full of mice and morsels. Lord Dufferin's magnificent white cat, aptly called "Ambassador," received a large share of admiration with most well-bred indifference. Lord Lilford's large wild cat, being labelled "Dangerous," commanded a certain distant homage, which she took coldly and with an occasional gleam of teeth and nails that spoke mightily of what things could be done on occasion. The chocolate-faced Siamese were charming, their backs and tails shading off to pale fawn-and-tan colour; and a long-haired blue animal, answering to the euphonious call of "Woolloomooloo," was, perhaps, the belle of the occasion. It seemed a thousand pities that the exhibition could not have been prolonged, as it was quite unusually interesting and admirably organised by Mr. Charles Cruft.

The unscrupulous imaginations of many street newsvendors ought alone to qualify a few of them for sub-editorial chairs in the offices of some of our evening papers. The other night, when every poster was taken up with announcements that Mr. Gladstone had resigned, a Strand newsboy, thinking that it was a good opportunity to make capital out of the occasion, bawled in my ear, "Sooicide of Gladstone!" and held up an evening paper for me to purchase, in order that I might make myself acquainted with the ex-Premier's tragic *coup de grâce*. However, I was not to be "had," and promptly gave him to understand that such was the case. So he left me and turned his attention to other wayfarers, to whom he probably disposed of a large number of journals, penny and halfpenny. This was about 5.30 p.m. Happening to pass the same truthful youth about 11 p.m., I saw him rushing wildly about, still proclaiming, in a voice that was now hoarse with much use, that Mr. Gladstone had committed "sooicide." That boy has a future before him—a Portland future, I should say.

New papers and new clubs are the order of the day. Rumour has it that Mr. Harry Furniss has retired from *Punch*, and is about to start a paper "on his own." No fewer than three sixpenny weekly papers are on the *tapis*, and expect to be on the bookstalls in a very short time. In spite of this, shops, stalls, and tables are groaning under a grievous load of literature, and newspaper men agree that the past year has been a disastrous one for journalistic enterprise generally. It is a grave question whether there is room for many more papers. In clubland, the Baths Club is the latest topic of discussion. It will open in June next, and the cost of the premises, which are in Dover Street, is said to amount to nearly £70,000. The general committee includes such well-known sportsmen as Lords Amptill and Hawke, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mr. A. J. Webb. The aim of the club is to supply its members with facilities for swimming and gymnastics at all times of the year, and on three days a week the baths, swimming pond, and gymnasium will be reserved exclusively for lady members. The scheme is a good and healthy one, and deserves all success.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



He had often played with love, sometimes scoffed at it, never really believed in it, except as a passing fancy. It was a "first night," and an electric current of expectancy was in the air, affecting everyone capable of feeling it in more or less degree.

This night meant so much to Darcy Markham that its tension almost amounted to pain. To him it was more than an evening's amusement, or even an intellectual experience. Its issue would be either success or failure, for the child of his brain was to make its *début* before a critical public, a public which, like the Athenians of old, is always eagerly seeking something new, and is so often at a loss how to accept it when found. At any rate, his venture was in the best of hands: Markham felt a delightful satisfaction in knowing that. Often he had pictured to himself this time. He saw in fancy the full house, with its thousand faces turned upon the stage. He had watched the actors play their part amid breathless interest. Then the curtain had gone down, and from all sides had burst forth an almost deafening applause, mingled with a cry of "Author!" This had been his dream from the moment that the manager had accepted his play.

A dream of fame, for he was young, hopeful, and ambitious. Always enthusiastic, to-night his excitement reached its height. He was hurrying to his box, when he noticed something shining on the ground. It was a fan, with a monogram in diamonds on the back. He stooped to pick it up. How careless some women were! Now he would have to go back with it to the office. It looked valuable, and its owner might be inquiring for it.

What a bore it was! Pshaw! After all, the diamonds were probably only Parisian ones. There was so much of that kind of thing about now. It should wait, and he walked on. "Oh! thank you. I am so glad that you have found my fan. I feared I might have dropped it in getting out of the carriage, and in that case should never have seen it again."

There was something in the voice which made him look at the face. It was a beauty which appealed more to the imaginative than to the critical. There was no strictness of outline, no calm, cold chiselling, such as would have delighted the sculptor, but such a bewildering fascination of expression that it almost startled Markham and kept his gaze riveted for a second. Their eyes met. She renewed her thanks, then he raised his hat and passed on.

A few minutes later he saw that she was in the box opposite to him, and the elderly gentleman who had waited for her in the passage was sitting by her side. All the time the music of the overture rose and fell he watched her. She had not noticed him, so he could do so easily. He could not account for the attraction; he did not wish to do so. For, if we can put our finger down, and say "It is that which attracts me," being explained, the attraction ceases. It is the mystery which draws us on. In some strange, inexplicable manner this face seemed



Then he raised his hat and passed on.





*She was leaning back rather wearily.*

bound up with the outcome of the evening and its success or failure. Its influence seemed to reach back all through his life, colouring all that he had been and all that he ever would be. She was leaning back rather wearily, he thought, and sometimes her eyes were closed. He found himself longing intensely that she would open them and look at him. He looked round upon the house. It was crowded from floor to ceiling, a great audience, waiting to hear the story that he had to tell them. There was a part of his dream fulfilled. The thought was almost overpowering. How would he be received? Still the music throbbed, and once more he looked towards the box opposite. The violins gave a long-drawn sigh, and just then she moved and leant forward. Their eyes met, and she started. It was only a swift glance, but it stirred him strangely. What an extraordinary effect this highly strung state of nerves was having upon him! It was absurd—almost uncanny. Had Fate got him in her iron grasp at last? He struggled against it. Then the lights were lowered, the curtain went up, and he waited for the rest of his dream to come true.

By the end of the first act he felt a chill sensation that the audience was unsympathetic, and presently the conviction forced itself upon him that it felt hardly any interest in the play. Still, the actors worked manfully, though manifestly without an effect. If splendid acting could have saved the situation, it would have been done. It was as though cold, drizzling rain fell upon Markham, or a damp, depressing mist

wrapped him round. Stretching out his hands across space, they met no answering clasp. He sat in his place, watching. Would no heart vibrate in sympathy? He looked across to the box opposite; from the expression on the girl's face he could see that she was interested. He almost thought that there were tears on her cheeks. She understood, then; his words carried a meaning to her; and this added one more link to the strange chain of sympathy which seemed to bind them together. He sat quite motionless; it was nearly over now, only a few more lines to be spoken, and the players would have done their part. Done it so well, too—what a pity it seemed! So, followed by dead silence, the last words, which he had meant to be so telling, were said, and the curtain went down. There was only the faintest of applause, and no call for the author. This, then, was disappointment, this was failure. Benumbed and stupefied, he left his box and went slowly towards the lobby. Some impulse led him there, though he knew that the remarks he would hear would not tend to soothe his ruffled feelings. "Well, I call that an evening wasted"—these were the first words that met his ear—"so provoking, too, for I had refused the Blackmores' 'At home.'" "Well, one ought to have known what to expect if one goes to see a play by an author one has never heard of. I wonder what induced Jones to produce such a thing."

It was raining hard, and the entrance was crowded. He pushed his way slowly through, and stood by the door, mechanically watching the rain splash down upon the pavement and the carriages roll up one after another and rattle away over the stones.

Outside it looked dreary enough and, in spite of the gaslight and glitter and the chattering tongues, the prospect inside to him was not any brighter. All round him criticisms were passing from mouth to mouth. "Such a pity, you know, for it is the first dull thing I have ever seen here." "How stupid and uninteresting it was! Weren't you terribly bored?" "I suppose the author had some idea in his mind, but the only one he conveyed to mine was that of weariness," and so on, and so on, until Markham's sensitive nature felt that every possible blow had been dealt, till he remembered the Press critics to be faced in the morning.

Groups of cloaked and great-coated figures passed him, stepping carefully across the wet pavement; but the ones he waited for had not come yet; so he stood there still, shivering as the cold damp air blew in upon him, but hardly noticing that it did so.

"Stand there out of the draught, while I see for the carriage," said someone just behind him; and the voice that he longed to hear again answered, "Mind you don't catch cold, Father; it is so terribly wet."



*Groups of cloaked and great-coated figures passed him.*



Markham moved a little nearer, and just then a lady standing near turned and spoke to the girl. "Oh, Beatrice, you here to-night! Wretched piece, wasn't it?"

He strained his ear to catch the answer.

"Oh, no; I liked it, and I was so sorry that it was so badly received. It must have been such a disappointment to everyone, and especially to the author."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Oh, no; I have never seen him. I only know that he is young, and that this is his first play, and I felt sorry for him."

Here was balm in Gilead, but in some unaccountable way it was only what he had expected. He looked gratefully into the girl's face, and her eyes met his once more. "Here is the carriage, dear; come quickly." And she was borne past him through the crowd.

For a moment he stood motionless, trying to understand. Was this the interpretation of his failure, then, that he had never really felt until now? Must the artist, before he can touch the hearts of others, have had his own feelings stirred to the very depths?

Then he turned, and went back into the theatre.

But he never saw her again, and a man cannot live upon memories.

Just two years afterwards, down in the country, Mrs. Beaufort was giving one of her favourite evening parties, and her rooms were filling to her heart's content. "Oh, but you must not go yet!" she exclaimed, as a girl standing near her put out her hand to say "Good-bye." "You have not seen the bride and bridegroom yet—the successful young author I told you about. I am sure you would like him. His wife is nice, but not quite what I should have thought he would have chosen. You must stay till they come."

"I think I must go now, dear Mrs. Beaufort. We start early to-morrow for the Continent, you know, and I am rather tired." And, saying "Good night" to her hostess, she went towards the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Darey Markham." She stood aside to let them enter. So, with a start, they recognised each other, and once more, for one supreme moment, they looked into each other's eyes.

Then he passed on, and followed his somewhat insipid-looking little wife into the room. . . . They had met at last, but Fate had arranged it badly, and they had met too late.

## A PRIMA DONNA OF FIFTEEN.

At the age of fifteen Miss Clara Cummings finds herself a *prima donna*, with a *répertoire* including such important parts as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," Gilda in "Rigoletto," Amina in "La Sonnambula," and the title-part in "The Daughter of the Regiment." She comes of a musical family, for both her parents took leading parts in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's early *répertoire* companies. Indeed, much of her musical ability and knowledge is due to the constant training she has received from her father, Mr. Richard Cummings. Her mother, Miss Theresa Cummings, was one of the *Clairnettes*—after the time of Miss Pattie Laverne—in the early productions in the provinces of "La Fille de Madame Angot." The youthful *prima donna* made her first appearance, curiously enough, in "The Bohemian Girl" at the age of nine, when she was the child



MISS CLARA CUMMINGS.

Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

carried off by the gipsies. Her first real engagement, however, was in a pantomime at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, where she sang very prettily. Soon after, Mr. J. W. Turner, who has done so much for opera in the provinces, heard her, and engaged her to understudy leading rôles, with the view of further promotion. Last summer, during his tour, she was entrusted with the part of Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," which she had played six years before. She acquitted herself so well that Mr. Turner advised her to study for some other leading characters, and she set to work so assiduously that in January, when, owing to the indisposition of Miss Amelia Sinico, she was asked to play Gilda in "Rigoletto" at one day's notice, she achieved a triumph. Miss Sinico being still unwell, and all the other leading soprani being fully occupied, Miss Cummings was called upon the following day at a *matinée* to take Amina in "La Sonnambula," and this difficult work was also accomplished without a slip, and with a vocal and histrionic success which roused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Cummings had on the previous Tuesday night played the title-part in "The Daughter of the Regiment," and thus, by a singular freak of fortune, she had accomplished the arduous and unusual task of singing three leading soprano rôles in three successive performances. Although her voice is not yet very powerful, it is one of extreme sweetness, flexibility, and high range. She is the fortunate possessor of a wonderful musical memory, for she learns her part by ear, her father playing it over to her. In a very few hours she has got every note by heart, and never forgets it.



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS CUMMINGS AS ARLINE IN "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."



## A CURIO COLLECTOR.

## A VISIT TO MISS CLARA MILLARD.

A foreign dramatist has put into the mouth of one of his characters these words: "A woman, a woman who knows what a woman may do?" This is the question of all others which is being practically answered in these days of changing ideals. Miss Clara Millard has found her own way of solving the riddle, and she is at the present time the only woman in England who has chosen to be a dealer in curios. It was with interest, therefore, that I sought an interview with her at Teddington, a place which was once a country village, but is now, unfortunately, becoming a London suburb.

Walking past two shops in the main street known as Millard's Cynosure, I turned down Vicarage Road, rang the bell of the house, and



MISS MILLARD.

Photo by Jones and Co., Surbiton.

was shown into a long room, where old-world treasures innumerable met the eye, and the walls were covered with pictures, china, and miniatures. A tall, slim woman, who looked less than twenty-five years of age, came to meet me; grey hairs and wrinkled brow, the supposed traces of the cares of business, were conspicuous by their absence.

We began to look at some old-fashioned jewellery. A necklet of emeralds and diamonds, a set of seven spa diamond buttons worn by Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee, a pair of open-work silver earrings dating back to Elizabethan days, when noblemen did not deem it effeminate to wear such ornaments—these and other things called for admiration, and woke up a sleepy conscience to mutter, "Thou shalt not covet." A square porcelain brooch, on which was painted an eye—a rather forbidding, inquisitive trifle—attracted my attention, and Miss Millard said: "That is a painting of the Great Napoleon's eye. Just now his relics are in great request, and I have the library table used by him when in exile at Longwood House, St. Helena."

"So there is a fashion even in curios?"

"Oh, yes. Some time ago Nelson relics were very popular. I sold his written directions as to how the battle of Trafalgar was to be fought to the Queen."

Then we looked at some old watches. A very rare specimen, one of the earliest that was made, had the cat-gut movement, and its back was of open silver work, far more exquisitely wrought than anything we ever see in these days. Another, said to be the smallest watch in the world, was no larger than a pea, and was set in a tiny ball of diamonds.

"Will it go?" I asked, remembering the vagaries of miniature modern watches.

"Oh, yes; it is still useful as well as ornamental."

We fell to talking about old dresses. Miss Millard went to a trunk and took out a white silken gown. We touched it reverently, and thought our way back to the days of the beautiful actress who sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for "The Tragic Muse." It had belonged to Mrs. Siddons, and been worn by her in the statue scene of "The Winter's Tale."

"This is a boa used when the fashion first came in." It was a rounded cord, fringed with silk in shades of gold, grass-green, and magenta. If it fell into the hands of a modern housewife with an eye for colour, it would be made to do duty as an antique bell-pull. Out of the same trunk came a number of dolls played with by the children of long ago, whose quaint faces and frocks reminded one of eighteenth century taste.

"These," said Miss Millard, "are the livery buttons of the 'Sublime Society of Beefsteake,' founded by Rich, of Covent Garden, in 1775, to which went Kitty Clive and Peg Woffington of the kind heart." The words "Beef and Liberty" encircled a gridiron in water gilding.

Then we fingered some old spoons—some pewter ones used by Cromwell's soldiers, and a Pudsey or seal-top spoon, used for stirring porridge. The saying of the old writer was fulfilled, "What a transient, ephemeral being is man! How short is his life compared even to that of a spoon!"

What Miss Millard particularly enjoys is being challenged to find something that collectors despair of ever possessing. Mr. C. J. Wise challenged her to find the late Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome." It seemed as though the quest was a hopeless one, but she was successful, and had the satisfaction of putting the poem into her challenger's hands, worn and tattered, and shorn of its cover, but still complete. It will also be in the memory of some that two years ago she discovered a copy of Robert Browning's "Pauline." Her business has its amusing incidents. On one occasion she advertised a tiger-skin for sale in the columns of the *Times*. The compositor played havoc with the advertisement, which appeared without the word "skin." The post brought her many inquiries after the animal's health and diet, and the late Mr. Jamrach telegraphed that he was coming down to fetch it.

"And now, Miss Millard, will you tell me about yourself? What made you become a dealer in curios?"

"Oh, when I was sixteen I had to decide upon some way of earning my own living. I could not teach, and I did not want to do so. I had always lived with people who liked nice things, and I understood a little about curios, so I started with the sale of our own china and curiosities. I prepared a catalogue, and sent it round to collectors and wealthy people. The catalogue was a happy thought; it attracted notice, and the whole transaction was so successful that I went on as I had begun. I must not forget to tell you that I owe a great deal to the kind help and teaching given to me by Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Currie, and Baron Rothschild. Thanks to them, I made fewer mistakes than I should otherwise have done. Then, I have had a larger share of good luck than falls to the lot of most people."

I translated this modest way of putting the facts into different terms, energy, tact, business aptitude, and I was no longer at a loss to understand the reason of Miss Millard's success.

F. E. A.



A NEWSMAN OF OLD.

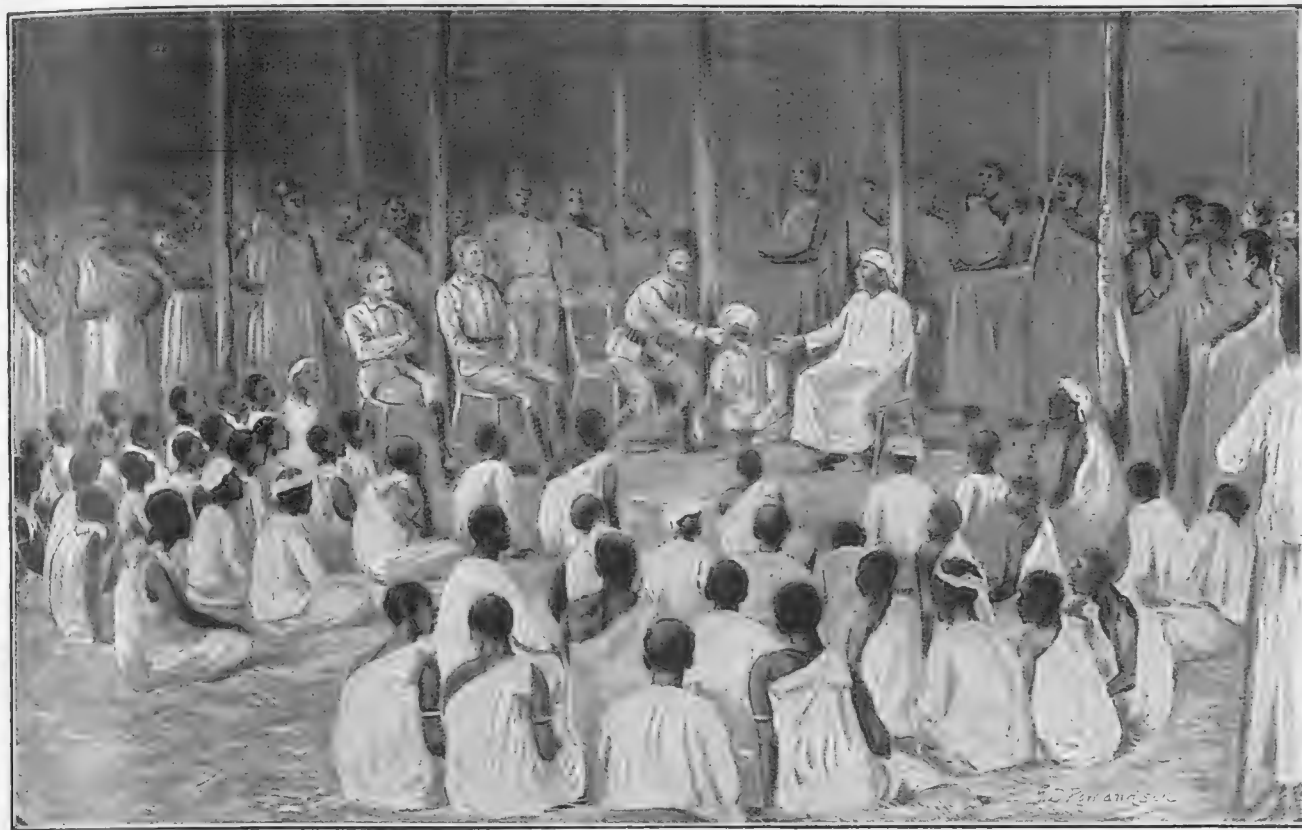
## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## CAPTAIN LUGARD'S CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE.\*

There was not the slightest need for Captain Lugard to have apologised for this very satisfying account of the rise of our East African Empire. Such a work cannot fail to be in the main part autobiographical, and few readers will accept, as applying to the author, his quotation from

ship for the south. A kindly tide in his affairs brought him at length to Mozambique, on his way to learn more of the trouble on the Nyassa. He had then almost exhausted the fifty sovereigns which were the monetary provision for his holiday, but it came to him that recreation might be had honourably in service against the Arab slave-raiders, and that he could be of assistance to those few gallant men who had so

long held their own with difficulty upon the shores of the southernmost lake. Half-doubting if the War Office would approve of such a departure, yet succumbing already to the overpowering fascinations of East Africa, he permitted himself to ascend the Zambesi and to reach Quilimane. From that place of embarkation he shook the dust of doubt off his feet, and plunged heart and soul into the great work which has raised his name to high place in the roll of those who have trodden Nyassaland. The journey to the lake was a hazardous one. From Quilimane he followed the Kwakwa River, paddling by the low banks festooned with convolvulus and creepers, through the land of the *barula* fly, and, after a journey as dangerous as it was picturesque, he reached Blantyre. The famous Morambala marshes



INTRODUCTION TO MWANGA.

"De Corona," in which he declares that the necessities of the personal place him under a disadvantage. The truth is that the book is never so interesting as in those moments when the *ego* predominates. Historiographers may raise their hands in pious condemnation of the heresy, but for my part I find the account of the fighting about Karonga's and of the campaign in Uganda vastly more entertaining than any sketch of policies or excursion to the remoter past. These are the records of a man who buttonholes you from the first page of a long and comprehensive history, and leads you by the irresistible force of a splendid personality to listen to him while he talks of peoples whose names you could not spell to save your life, and of places you could not mark upon a map, though all the gold of the Incas depended upon your finding them.

In August, 1887, Captain Lugard returned from Burma, shattered in health and seeking rest. Unable, as many men in such a condition are, to court strength in a health-resort or the arm-chair of a club, he equipped himself with his favourite .450 rifle, and took

had already touched him with the brand of fever; he had known weakness and discomfort, had lost for many days the use of his arm, yet in nothing regretted the impulse which had urged him on. At Katunga's he learnt from Mr. Sharpe the true state of affairs upon the lake. Another expedition was then to be despatched for a last attempt to save Karonga's from



LAKE NYASSA BY MOONLIGHT (LIVINGSTONIA BAY).

\* "The Rise of our East African Empire," By Captain F. D. Lugard, D.S.O., Hon. F.R.G.S., Diplom. F.R.S.C.S. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.



the slave-raiders, and to deal an effective blow against the attempt to open up the route again in the interests of the detestable commerce. It was the command of this expedition which the Lakes Company offered to the skilled volunteer who had come among them as some wizard knight out of the unknown; and he, in turn, when he had prudently obtained the sanction of the directors and of the British Consul, went cheerfully at their bidding. He found upon the lake—of which he gives some happy pictures, his description of Nyassa by moonlight being strikingly felicitous—a state of things which is in the main typical of the whole slave question, save in its cannibalistic and more horrible aspects. The Wankondé, a tribe loving the simple arts of peace, flourished in the beautiful Nkondé Valley. To them came settlers from an alien but martial people, the Wahenga, possessing guns against the spears of their hosts, but receiving an unstinted hospitality and an ungrudging welcome. It might have been that the two races would in course of time have made one strong people, the agriculturists labouring for the good of their guests, who, in turn, would have helped them against the raids of their neighbours. But there was upon the scene another company of players, by whom peace was as little desired as the prosperity of the fraternising tribes. The slave-raiders had re-established themselves near Karonga's, and had cast expectant eyes on the militant and physical gifts of the Wahenga. Arming them stealthily with good weapons, and plying them with powder, they urged them to cut the throats of their hosts, and to great profit in the enterprise. A scene of bloodshed and rapine, worthy of the glorious traditions of the hellish business, was the outcome of this treacherous persuasion. The Wankondé were shot down by hundreds. The sun rose on devastated villages and grinning corpses where it had set a night gone on pastoral scenes and prosperous homesteads. A few of the men escaped to the Kambwé Lagoon with their women and children, but devastation triumphed over many miles, leaving dead bodies, even of the youngest, in its wake, and bearing off in its progress hundreds of women to the markets of the remoter East. The horror culminated in the wholesale slaughter of the wretched fugitives in the lagoon, many of them perishing in the burning reeds upon the shore, or, for lack of other alternative, falling to the jaws of the crocodiles, which lay open-mouthed for the feast. To stay such horrors, Captain Lugard worked, planning, fighting, suffering, falling at last to a terrible wound, which robbed him for many a month of the use of both his arms. Unconsciously he was building up this empire of ours in Eastern Africa, was writing much of the history which is the theme of these two fine volumes. He did not then foresee the vast undertaking in Uganda to which his name was to be attached; but he had become a victim to the allurements before which so many have succumbed, and henceforth he was heart and soul a servant of the Dark Continent. Nor could one pick in many a day's march a man more worthy of high place, or possessed of a finer appreciation of the true means by which peace shall come to Africa. From the moment that he was received by the treacherous King Mwanga in Uganda, and there asserted the claims of his people and the dignity of his country, until his work was made the subject of the special mission, the seal of a thinking, a prudent, and a brave man is on all he does. Rarely have two volumes spoken of more remarkable deeds, or contained more exciting matter; and if they are full of history, which the author himself so largely helped to make, they yet have the ornament of a delightful personal record, and abound in wild and enthralling scenes which will satisfy the most exacting adventurer. The work is as complete as it could be, and the pictures are entirely faithful and sufficient; nor should I forget to add a word in favour of the fourteen admirable maps which have been added to this colossal achievement.

M. P.

#### ALLA MIA FANCIULLA.

Love me a little, but not too much,  
 Love me as far as you feel you may  
 Love me with satiny rose-leaf touch,  
 But not with the passion that burns away.

Give me a glance in the gloaming, dear,  
 A sigh 'neath the stars or the westering moon,  
 A dainty caress when dawn trembles near,  
 But never a kiss in the blushing high noon.

A touch of the hand in the woodland shade,  
 A pout of the lips in the falling rain,  
 But never a favour to make you afraid  
 That in giving too much you might meet with disdain.

Oh! give me all these with a timid grace,  
 A soft blushing cheek and a downcast eye,  
 That my eyes may not see, as they seek your face,  
 Too far through the veil of love's mystery.

That my dreams may be ever and ever more fond  
 Of fellowship sweeter than aught I've yet known,  
 Of hidden delights in that rosy beyond,  
 When your mantle of maiden reserve shall be flown.

-F. W. F.

#### JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

##### XIV.—MR. ALBERT GROSER AND THE "WESTERN MORNING NEWS."

To that prince of "London Letter" writers, the late Mr. Edward Spender, Plymouth owes the existence of a morning newspaper which in point of wealth and influence is unrivalled by many towns of larger growth. A little over thirty years ago the *Western Morning News* came into the world. It was a New Year's gift to the Three Towns, and met with the instant success which its merits demanded. Mr. Albert Groser is the head and front of Plymouth journalism. He is the son of a minister, but, while his brothers turned their eyes to the pulpit, he turned



MR. ALBERT GROSER.

his attention to the Press. Very early in life he justified the choice of his vocation. He actually reached the editorial chair before he was twenty years of age. True, his dominion was not an extensive one, but it afforded ample scope for the exercise of journalistic ability. Five years later he obtained deserved promotion on one of the Bath weekly papers. From that city he travelled to Plymouth to succeed the late Mr. William Hunt, who started the *Eastern Morning News* at Hull, thirty-one years ago. As editorial manager of the *Western Morning News* Mr. Groser found his natural sphere. He brings to his work a fertile mind and an enterprising spirit. He is always endeavouring to catch the forelock of time, and sometimes succeeds when others fail. In the Ashantee War he displayed the stuff of which he was made. For many weeks the *Western Morning News* was the leading channel through which intelligence of the war reached England. Much to the chagrin of the Government, the news of the expedition was published in Plymouth before the official despatches reached Downing Street. No one could understand how it was done. The Foreign Office grew tired of playing second fiddle to the *Western Morning News*. They decided to have the news at first hand. Accordingly, they kept a steamer waiting on the coast for news of the capture of Coomassie, and directly that event took place the vessel steamed off to Gibraltar, from which point the intelligence was flashed to England; then, for the first time, the *Western Morning News* was beaten. To the editor of that journal Plymouth owes manifold advantages. He has always taken a lively and conspicuous interest in the affairs of that thriving port. For many years he has been connected with the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, and in 1890 was elected chairman of that important body. He has endeavoured, with considerable success, to improve the railway and harbour accommodation, and thus to safeguard and foster its maritime interests. Social matters, also, have claimed a share of his attention. In this wicked and perverse generation he has been a shining light of temperance, sustaining his precepts by an example of uncompromising teetotalism. In all his good works Mr. Groser has been ably seconded by his wife—the daughter of the late Mr. William Perrott, of Bath—and his eldest daughter, who, by-the-way, is showing an exceptional aptitude for journalistic work.

THE SECOND MRS. BLOCK.

A CHAT WITH MR. JOHN F. SHERIDAN.

Imagine a comfortable, buxom-looking, elderly lady, suitably attired in a brocade gown, trimmed with old lace, a grey curled fringe surmounting two Irish blue eyes scarce dimmed by age, and you see before you



MR. JOHN F. SHERIDAN.

Mr. John F. Sheridan, transformed into Mrs. Block, who is described by the lyrics of "Little Christopher Columbus" in the jaunty jingle—

There is nothing that would shock  
The young lady of fifteen  
In the second Mrs. Block—  
You will gather what I mean ;  
But her temper's rather trying,  
And her tongue is rather free,  
And she makes it rather sultry  
Pretty frequently for me.  
She would petrify a parson,  
And would frighten all his flock,  
And she's made him fond of travel  
Has the second Mrs. Block.  
Oh! the second Mrs. Block,  
Oh! the second Mrs. Block,  
Such a scorcher she is reckoned—  
I will back her any day  
To make rings around the second  
Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray!

When a widower of fifty tried a second—  
He's a little more than fifty, by-the-way—  
You can bet your little pile he hasn't reckoned  
On a sort of second Mrs. Tanqueray.  
No, she's no low lady pals,  
And no tales unfit for gals,  
But she's just as little notion of love, honour, and obey  
As the lady who's so naughty in the great Pinero play.  
She gives Paula Ray the knock  
When she wants to make a scene,  
Does the second Mrs. Block—  
You will gather what I mean.  
Oh! her aim is never crooked  
When she throws a cup or plate,  
And she's arguments that hurt you  
If you're home a little late.  
When she shifts the chairs and tables  
You can feel the mansion rock,  
And she's made hotels a comfort  
Has the second Mrs. Block.  
Oh! the second Mrs. Block, &c.

Mr. Sheridan is one of the most versatile comedians of the present day, for, though he will always remain the typical Widow O'Brien, he has in his day played a bewildering number of parts, from the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" to Captain Crosstree in "Black-Eyed Susan."

"I am as much American as Irish," observes Mr. Sheridan, drawing his white lace mittens well over his hands, "for I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and the first work I was set to as a lad was making

guns for the great Civil War. It was while engaged on this far from congenial labour that I and another boy became perfectly mad for clog-dancing. When our daily task was over we used to go and practise in a great empty barn, and at last—just thirty years ago, by-the-way—we were engaged by a music-hall manager to give a performance, and this led to permanent work. Well, I jiggled about a bit, and finally thought I should like to go on the stage for a change, and I soon obtained an engagement in a stock company."

"And what first suggested your playing female parts?"

"Oh, as so often happens in life, a mere accident led to my taking up this branch of work. I was playing a little part in a temperance play written by the late G. F. Rowe; it was called 'Ruth, or The Curse of Rum,' and had for object that of showing a man gradually debased by drink. One of the acts was a court scene, in which an old Irishwoman was called as witness. Fortunately for me, something occurred to prevent the lady taking that part from appearing one evening, and I volunteered to try and see what I could do. I had often tried my hand at various make-ups, and on this occasion was fortunate enough," concluded Mr. Sheridan, modestly, "to make a distinct impression on the audience."



Photo by Stump and Co., Adelaide.

AS GASPARD IN "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."



AS MRS. BLOCK IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

"And this led, I suppose, to your being offered the part of Widow O'Brien?"

"Indirectly, yes; for, seeing my success in this slight personation suggested to Mr. Rowe the idea of a comedy with an old Irishwoman as a central figure. That was how 'Fun on the Bristol' came to be written, so I may be said to have inspired the Widow O'Brien—the Bristol, you must understand, being an excursion steamer running between Boston and New York. The play caught on at once. The joke was, people would not believe that I was not a woman—they thought they were



being hoaxed, and numberless bets were offered and accepted about the matter. And as for the letters I received, they were too funny for anything! I toured with extraordinary success all over America, and brought the play over here in 1882; 'Fun on the Bristol,' by-the-way,

was the first farce-comedy ever seen on the English stage."

"I believe that you are a much-travelled gentleman?"

"Well, I have been about a good deal. A six-months' tour to Australia finally resulted in a stay there of two years and seven months. I went on to India, China, and Japan, taking a company of eighteen persons along with me. It was pretty hard work, I can tell you, and I think, after hearing some of the parts I played, you will agree with me that it is not fair only to consider me as a one-part man, and that a woman's," he added, with all an Irishman's pleasure in a bull.

"But, I suppose, Widow O'Brien was your great stand-by even in those far-away lands?"



Photo by Falk, New York.

AS LURCHER IN "DOROTHY."

"When a company visits a place like Japan," observed Mr. Sheridan sententiously, "they have to change their programme every other day, for the public is limited to the English residents, who are only too pleased to come often to the play if you offer them enough variety. My little company were equally good in comedy, tragedy, farce, and operetta. For instance, I acted Koko in 'The Mikado,' Robin in 'Ruddigore,' Lurcher in 'Dorothy,' Gaspard in 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' the title-part in 'The Shaughraun,' Blueskin in 'Jack Sheppard,' and Corrigan in 'The Lily of Killarney.'"

"You must be very glad to be in English-speaking lands again?"

"Yes, I thoroughly like my British audiences, and I hope to do something that will surprise them yet"—and with these mysterious words Mr. Sheridan bustled out of his dressing-room in order to take his part in the second act of merry "Little Christopher Columbus."



COSTUME OF A JAPANESE TEA-MAKER AND HER ATTENDANT.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The event of the political world is the sudden removal of the former luminary of one great party. Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the direction of affairs means much, and people in general are trying to find out how much exactly it may mean; for, undoubtedly, his was a name to conjure with. We all know the story of the Liberal candidate who got on well with his constituents in spite of being an execrable speaker. When he was gravelled for lack of matter, he said "Gladstone," the crowd cheered, and he had time to think over his next sentence. There is nobody, and for long will be nobody, whose personality is such a force in itself.

Doubtless, the retreat will not be entire—his party may yet hope for speeches on questions of the day, for influence and advice—but it takes the man out of the lists of conflict, out of the ringing handstrokes of debate, out of the clash of mighty opposites. It is not likely that we shall have any of the temper and action that have made some of the later years of Bismarck grievous to his friends and enemies alike. A serene and well-occupied old age—a rest which would be in itself sufficient activity for many younger men—is probably what awaits the statesman who has just quitted public life.

Even infirmity may have its pleasant side, if it releases us creditably from the incessant worry of responsible work. There have often been times when the persistently good character of our health was a grievance to us, in that it forbade us to quit the work that was a weary treadmill to do and a crime to quit. It is a terrible process to force oneself into work against the rebellious indolence and distraction of wearied nerves. Hour after hour goes by, and the end seems no nearer; night wanes into day and day into night, and the pile that is yet to do heaps itself up inexorable and hardly diminished.

Perhaps, correcting examination papers of an elementary character is, next to shot drill, as unimproving and wearisome an occupation as can well be devised for mortal man. There is nothing whose finished sheets bulk so small, whose unfinished remainder is so large; nothing that so wearies the mind with expected and commonplace blunders; nothing so soon reduces the examiner to mechanical attention, which should not be mechanical. Even the mistakes follow each other with a logical and inevitable sequence. One who has made a particular mistake will also make another particular mistake with as sure a sequence as if some scientific law was involved. And possibly this is so; possibly in the cells where the thoughts are stored one particular wrong thought is necessarily associated with another. He who confuses Henry II. with Henry VIII. in history will probably also confuse Oliver Cromwell with his predecessor Thomas Cromwell, and Guy of Warwick with Guy Fawkes.

Yet, there is some philosophy in the notion of the ignorant that persons with the same name were identical. A name is at its first bestowal often a mere arbitrary label, unless it is a family name, in which case heredity comes in, in name as well as qualities. But the name grows up with its possessor, and draws down notice, favourable or otherwise, upon him, and gives maidens chances to fall in love with him before they see him, and men chances to hate him before they know him. A grim, gaunt Puritan name makes its possessor often either painfully elect or still more painfully reprobate; whereas there are soft, artistic appellations whose owners could not but be worshippers of beauty and condemners of morality. Fortunately, we can shorten and alter names almost *ad libitum*, or know our friends by nicknames. Martha is quite a different person from Patty, and Madge, Meg, Margery, and Maggie are all types distinct from each other and from Margaret.

Names have their meaning, their subtle shades of implication, which cannot but react on their possessors. George, as a name, has a savour of bucolic heaviness; Jim, of good-hearted vulgarity; whereas James is pedantic and disagreeable. Walter is a frank, manly name; while Alfred always—to me, at least—implies respectability and fair side whiskers. Shakspeare has connotated a number of names, especially women's names. Juliet and Portia he has annexed. But he had a fine sense of the capabilities of a name, and did not call his characters at random. The weakness of Count Claudio lives in his name; the bluff briskness of Benedick answers the crisp freshness of Beatrice. Does not the artistic, languishing nature of the Duke Orsino come out in his appellation, while the womanly self-reliance of Viola shows in her compact name. Antonio, again—always a good friend's name, but one who is or may be almost a bit of a bore—a mournful touch, too, in the long-drawn syllables at the end. Gonzalo, too; there is trustworthiness in his first syllable, and long-windedness in the second.

MARMITON.

## AN EXHIBITION OF THE HIMALAYAS.

Mr. T. J. Larkin has opened his exhibition at the Japanese Gallery of Mr. A. D. McCormick's sketches of the Himalayas, made upon the occasion of his journey with Professor Conway among those splendid mountains. The expedition was made two years ago, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society, the British Association, and the Government of India. We need not here chronicle the names of the party, save Professor Conway and his artist. They set out from a place picturesquely called Abottabad, whence they made their way to Sringar, the capital of Kashmir, crossed over the main Himalaya by the Burzil Pass, and found their way to the Indus Valley. They then started the exploration of glaciers and peaks to

## THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

III.—MOUNTAIN SCENERY (*Continued*).

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

When last writing on this subject, I said something of the great assistance which science had rendered within the last few years to those photographers whose work lay in mountainous countries. Principal among these helps are: orthochromatic plates (and films), which greatly assist the truthful rendering of relatively dark, brown foreground in the same picture with light, hazy, blue distance; the double- or triple-coated plates named, after their inventor, the Sandell, which attain the same object, and make it possible to obtain full detail at the same time in



GLACIER D'ARGENTIERE.

PHOTOGRAM BY MR. J. T. SANDELL ON "SANDELL" MULTIPLE-COATED PLATE.

a height of 25,000 feet "in the neighbourhood of Rakipushi." It would weary readers to learn the somewhat unmusical names of various other places which were visited on this expedition; but the travellers finally reached the Baltoro Glacier, which forms one of what is described as "probably the greatest mountain group in the world." Here, as befits so solemn and beautiful a subject, the names assume that legendary and poetical loveliness for which India is peculiarly notable. Here is Gusherbrum; here is the Hidden Peak; here is the Golden Throne; here is the Bride. It was during this particular phase of the expedition that for two nights an encampment was made at an altitude of 20,000 feet, where Mr. McCormick seized the historic opportunity of executing a sketch from a higher point than any other artist has ever reached—that is, with sketching materials. They spent seven months upon the mountains, an amazing opportunity for any painter of rare and splendid landscape. Beyond all conception is the grandeur of the Himalayas, compared to which the Alps seem as snow children. Mr. Conway, we believe, is shortly to publish a book describing the journey, and several of Mr. McCormick's sketches will appear as illustrations for what must prove a very interesting work.

white, sunlit snow and dark, shadowy rock; and, lastly, the tele-photo lens, which renders it possible to obtain large-sized views, with full detail, of objects that cannot be closely approached.

Of the use of the two first mentioned aids very beautiful examples were given. A wonderful photogram was obtained of Mont Blanc at a distance of fifty miles. For years, views of Mont Blanc, as seen from Geneva, have been on the market, but they were made by one of two or three artifices which can only be called dishonest. In a general view, taken in the ordinary way, the mountain, even if visible to the naked eye, is usually merged in the sky, so that its outline is invisible in the photogram. It then must be painted or drawn in, and, as the distance renders the mountain so small in appearance as to be unimportant, the person who deals with the negative generally enlarges it to five or six times its actual apparent size, in order that it may properly tower above its surroundings. At the same time, as the natural slopes of mountains are never sufficiently steep to please the draughtsman's idea of what is magnificent and imposing, the angles are altered considerably. All this is very proper from a business point of view, and as there are, probably, not more than three



or four days in the year when Mont Blanc is visible from anywhere near Geneva, the tourist, happily, buys the untruthful view, and fondly imagines it to represent what he would have seen of Mont Blanc had the elements been kindly.

With the tele-photo lens, designed by Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer, it is possible to obtain one of the finest views of the great mountain that can be had from anywhere, and that is exactly as it would be seen from Geneva by a person gazing through a good telescope; for the tele-photo lens combines the properties of a telescope and an ordinary photographic view lens. The view gives the mountain with all its natural features truly represented, without any exaggeration of its natural slopes, and in correct proportion to its surroundings. As this lens can be set to give practically any desired amount of amplification of distant objects, its value in special cases can be easily understood, and there are many applications in which it is likely to be more frequently useful than even in mountain work; but these must be left to another chapter.

were invented. One of the ablest workers in this line, who contests the supremacy with the late Mr. W. F. Donkin, is Mr. Vittorio Sella, of Biella, Italy. He is a mountaineer at heart, a lover of the crags and snow, and he can give time to his work. In the Caucasus and in all portions of the Alps he has recorded some of the sublimest scenes in nature, and I feel fortunate in having his permission to reproduce three of his works which illustrate widely varied classes of subject.

The reproduction of the Glacier d'Argentière is given in answer to a wish expressed by many readers of *The Sketch*, who were delighted with the technical beauties of the last example of the same artist's work. Like the other, it gives some idea of the power of the multiple-coated plate to render detail in the deepest shadows at the same time as in the brightly illuminated snow-slopes.

Before leaving the subject, I would say one word to the great army of amateur photographers. To me, it seems as if the mere sight of the reproductions must induce one section of my readers to determine on



LAGO DELLA MANZINA.

PHOTOGRAM BY SELLA, BIELLA.

When the tele-photo lens was introduced, it was hailed with enthusiasm by many people, some of whom but feebly understood either its powers or its limitations. On the other hand, there were many who sought to belittle the invention, and who pointed out that practically it only attained the same result as was attained by the use of a telescope in combination with the lens, and that this combination was nothing new. Quite so; but there was the difference between a makeshift, crude, and cumbrous idea and a neat, finished, practical instrument, attaining the old object by an arrangement that was largely new, and that was quite new commercially. At any rate, the idea was sufficiently popular to be copied by half-a-dozen European opticians and two or three Americans, all of whom slightly varied its details.

Though giving this example of tele-photo work and the examples in a previous paper of work on orthochromatic films and on the Sandell plates, there is no wish to set up these as being results impossible to the patient worker even before these aids were invented. The commercial lens-maker or plate-maker rather seeks to render easy that which was difficult than to render possible that which was impossible. Mountain photographs that have not yet been surpassed for beauty were made before either orthochromatic or multiple-coated plates

rushing off to the Alps or the Caucasus and another section to deplore their inability to do so. Both these sections I would remind of two facts: first, that we have some exceedingly fine mountain scenery at home—in Scotland, in North Wales, and in the English lakes. And this home scenery need not be despised on any point, for there are many magnificent and many beautiful views that will tax alike the best mountaineering and the best photographic skill. The second fact is that our home mountains never have had justice done to them. The Cumberland and Westmoreland hills have fared best in this matter, but the Scotch and Welsh have been practically neglected. "Views" there are in plenty, but pictures very few. Norway has fared far better than our home scenery. A few regular stock subjects have been photographed over and over again; but even the Pass of Aberglaslyn—perhaps the most photographed of any of them—has never, in my opinion, been fairly treated. Its dominant note in nature, as approached from Portmadoc, is grandeur. In the photograms it is "pretty"—little more. And there are scores of other points easily accessible that wait the coming of a photographer who can treat them with the intelligence and sympathy shown, say, in Mr. Richard Keene's treatment of the Derbyshire dales.



THE VALSOREY FALLS, NEAR THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

PHOTOGRAM BY SELLA, BIELLA.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam has never had a reputation commensurate with his genius even in his own country, and the story of his life, written by his far-away cousin, can hardly be expected to have the effect of making him popular here. Still, his was so strange a history that a good many read it with interest to whom his poetry and his prose would be *caviare*.

There is little commonly known of him beyond a few eccentric stories—that of his lawsuit, for instance, with the living representatives of the playwrights Lockroy and Bourgeois, because in “Perrinet Leclerc” the memory of his illustrious ancestor, Marshal Jean de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, a great warrior of the fourteenth century, had been vilified; or that other one, how he, the victim of a cruel practical joke, believed himself to be the likeliest candidate for the throne



LE COMTE VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM.

of Greece. That he was an aristocrat *enragé*, an incorrigible Bohemian, the despair of all well-ordered and business-like persons, is vaguely known. Here the stories are told with sufficient definiteness, but with none of their outlines unkindly emphasised.

That he was a great artist, one of the greatest of the *Parnassiens*, and a noble-minded man is little known, or obscured by the unpopularity of his style and the irregularity of his life. So for this simple, artless biography, written by his cousin, who was proud of him, we should be grateful. The translator has tried to put some of his poems into English. I doubt if they would stand translation at all. In any case, it should only be into verse as careful as his own. Form with him was inextricably connected with matter.

Of new magazines there is no end. The last proposal is a fourpenny periodical to be entitled *Men and Women*.

One of the most promising “detective” writers is Mr. Headon Hill, who has just published a volume of detective stories through Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Mr. Hill is almost as clever at contriving a mystery as Dr. Conan Doyle, but his art is very far inferior. The reader is at the end of his story before he understands what the mystery is. The stories would have been far better if they had been three or four times as long. Still, the book is distinctly creditable and interesting.

Messrs. Macmillan have arranged to act as publishers for the Columbia University Press.

It is understood that Mr. Besant is about to publish two volumes of essays, one literary, the other social.

The advance orders for Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel are said to be exceedingly large.

It is quite the thing in America to make collections of the monthly advertising posters of *Harper's*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's Magazine*. *Harper's* are done by Mr. Penfield, who is said to have a peculiar Parisian touch; *Scribner's* are by various artists; the *Century's* are lithographs rather than colour prints. It is said to be impossible now to procure back numbers of coloured posters of either *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, as collectors have exhausted the market.

Mr. Quiller Couch's latest volume of short stories, “The Delectable Duchy,” is much admired in America, where, for the first time, he seems to be getting attention in some proportion to his merits. While some other English writers have been praised into American fame in a very short period, Mr. Couch's progress has been slow: it will, doubtless, be all the more sure.

It may be hoped that Messrs. Macmillan will see their way to publish the private printed volume of letters of Michael Macmillan. I have just had the pleasure of reading them, and it is a rare pleasure. They reveal a picturesque individuality, and contain many passages of singular interest. Mr. Macmillan was a student of Richardson. Is there another left? I cannot call to mind a single specialist in Richardson, except, of course, the gentlemen who are specialists in all things.

“The most prominent imaginative writer of the latest generation in Italy is a woman,” says Mr. Gosse in his introduction to Matilde Serao's “Addio, Amore!” (“Farewell, Love!”) a translation of which by Mrs. Henry Harland has appeared in Mr. Heinemann's International Library. Mr. Gosse in his amiable enthusiasm is sometimes apt to treat homely birds as swans; but the authoress of “Fantasy” and “The Conquest of Rome” has talents and a reputation which account to some extent, at least, for his emphatic praise.

“Farewell, Love!” is the study of a temperament, a Southern temperament—passionate, and unashamed of its passion, such a one, in fact, as must to Northerners be a thing for intellectual understanding rather than sympathy. Anna Acquavita is placed in so clear a light, and drawn with so few and such strong lines, that, at least, this intellectual understanding of her nature can hardly be wanting. Passion does not reign supreme even in the South, and the young, fiery thing stands out against the background of a cold, cynical, formal world. Her history was bound to be a tragedy: no one gives so much and so fearlessly without coming shipwreck. In the violence of the tragedy, even, there is nothing seriously to object to. But the story, three-fourths of which is uncommonly powerful and artistic, is spoilt at the end irretrievably.

Mr. Gosse reminds us what has been Madame Searfoglio's training school: “All her life has been spent ministering to the vast, rough crowd that buys cheap Italian newspapers.” This life has debased her art, surely. Anna, a woman too full of passion to be theatrical, chooses the house of her would-be lover, whom she has never encouraged, as the scene of her suicide, and shoots herself while he is murmuring at her request Baudelaire's “Harmonie du Soir.” Many a reader will presumptuously long to write the last chapter over again.

Mr. Somes Layard's “Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrations” (Stock) is little more than a pamphlet, in spite of its pretty binding, but it serves several good purposes. It reminds one of one of the most interesting collaborations in the history of art or literature, Moxon's Tennyson quarto of 1857. But Messrs. Macmillan's recent reprint did this. It gives some details of how the collaboration was carried out, and touches lightly, but suggestively, on the purpose and the ethics of book illustration. None too soon, also, does it do justice to Mr. Holman Hunt's part in the pre-Raphaelite movement.

Mr. Quilter, he thinks, claimed far too much for Ford Madox Brown when he called him Rossetti's teacher and initiator. His teacher he was, but he “set him to still-life groups, in which an old tobacco canister figured as one of the chief objects.” Rossetti fumed at the canister, and fled to Hunt, who treated him differently, though it would make a modern teacher's hair stand on end to hear the method he prescribed for learning to paint a picture.

The value, different altogether in kind, of the three chief illustrators Mr. Layard brings out very clearly. Millais was the elucidator, who willingly and intelligently subserved the poet. Hunt and Rossetti were not at their proper work in illustrating. Hunt's temperament, however, did not forbid his interpreting Tennyson fairly closely, only Rossetti refused to see anything save his own conception of the poem; and Tennyson on most occasions left them absolute freedom.

Though they are not strictly connected with the subject, most readers will be glad that Mr. Layard has included among his illustrations reproductions of Tennyson reading “Maud” from the thumbnail sketch by Rossetti in 1855, and also of “St. Agnes' Eve” and “Lady Clare” from unpublished water-colours by Mrs. D. G. Rossetti. o. o.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The picture by Van Loeninga, of which we give a reproduction on page 358, was discovered a few years ago by Mr. J. de Kuiper, an art collector in Rotterdam and President of the Rotterdam Art Club, who soon recognised it as a piece of sterling merit. Speaking of the picture to Professor Dr. Friedrich Schlie, Director of the Schwerin Museum, the latter advised him to have it sent to an acquaintance of his in Schwerin, by whom the crust of old varnish and the colours not belonging to the original picture were skilfully removed. By this operation the name of the artist was discovered at the left side, under the upper frame — namely, "Allart van Loeninga," whose name was hitherto only known from some places in the Middelburg "Book of Guilds." In 1639 he was a member of the Board of Directors of the St. Lucas Guild, in Middelburg, and in 1640 he figures for the first time as the president or dean of the same corporation, likewise in 1647; while in an account of the guild, running from Jan. 5, 1649, till the last of November, 1650, he is reported as having died. From evidence of



BISON IN A BLIZZARD.—F. A. VERNER.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," in the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, W.



KARANGOUR GLACIER, IN THE CAUCASUS.—PHOTOGRAM BY SELLA, BIELLA.

See "The Work of the Camera."





"CHACUN VEUT EN SAGESSE ÉRIGER SA FOLIE."—JEF. LEEMPOELS.  
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



"CHACUN VEUT EN SAGESSE ÉRIGER SA FOLIE."—JEF. LEEMPOELS.  
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



THE LEADERS OF THE SKIPPERS' GUILD.—ALLART VAN LOENINGA.



IAN.—MOUAT LOUDAN.  
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

the picture itself, it was painted in 1635, and represents the head-men of the Skippers' or Boatmen's Guild, their names, written on the opened pages of the book before them, being Marcus de la Palma (the president, aged seventy-three), Dirk Wouters, Joost Direksen, Tuenis Pen, Jan Stevens, Rein Tuenis, and Joost Pen, taken from the left to the right. Behind the president's chair the servant or messenger of the corporation is portrayed. These portraits are described as follows by Professor Schlie in a Dutch magazine of art, *Oud Holland* (1892, third part): "The heads of the portrayed are very attractive. That of Marcus de la Palma is a head of the highest intellectual and spiritual distinction. Those of Dirk Wouters, Joost Direksen, and Tuenis Pen scarcely yield to him in any respect. They are fine, reliable men, full of force and intelligence, of whom every community might well be proud. Even the servant, Gillis Gysbrecht, looks like a man of a firm and independent character."

The general tone of this masterpiece is such that Loeninga may be classed among the best masters of the seventeenth century. The discovery is a rich find, while all connoisseurs agree that a painter of such merit must have produced other works, and steps are already being taken to discover whether any paintings of Loeninga's may possibly exist in museums under other names than the artist's. Mr. Van Visvliet, keeper of the records of Middleburg, has identified the persons represented in the picture, which is still in the possession of Mr. de Kuiper.

A correspondent of the *World*, who signs himself "An Old R.A. Student," makes a suggestion which may be emphasised for its sensible reasonableness. The Royal Academy possesses at the present moment a copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," painted by Marco Oggione, one of Da Vinci's pupils, one of the four, in fact, publicly honoured by a statue on the Milan monument, whose work, very probably, was even retouched by the master himself. The old fresco, as everybody knows, is almost in a ruinous condition, and such a copy would have quite a peculiar authority. This correspondent, then, wisely suggests that the R.A. might be persuaded to offer the picture as a perpetual "loan" to the National Gallery, "and at some future time, when more room has been acquired, the copy, in a better condition than its original, would, with the cartoons of Raffaele brought from South Kensington, compose a gallery the like of which is not in Europe." Remembering that this copy of the "Cenaculo" is at present altogether hidden from public view, we applaud the suggestion as a sensible one.

The Manchester Corporation is ever energetic and industrious in the cause of art, and seldom misses an opportunity of enriching the Corporation Art Gallery of Manchester with whatever of value can be afforded from its purse. The latest addition to that gallery is Millais' oil-painting, "Victory, O Lord!"

There are a few painters, of a somewhat peculiar class, who may be described as entirely provincial artists, not the artists of any provincial school, such as Norwich of old, or Newlyn and Glasgow of to-day, but simply painters of personal accomplishment who choose to live in the provinces, to exhibit in the provinces, and to die in the provinces. We are reminded of this odd little tribe by the death, lately, of Frederick Suker, who painted under the rather absurd name of Frederick Clive Newcome, borrowed, of course, from Thackeray's book. Mr. Suker occasionally, indeed, exhibited landscape at the Royal Academy, but without any conspicuous success; he was well known, however, in Lancashire, and some nineteen years ago received high praise even from Mr. Ruskin. Manchester and Liverpool saw most of his work, and he had constant commissions from various wealthy patrons. He died at Coniston. He was not quite fifty years of age.

A collection of paintings by Mr. P. Wilson Steer is now hanging at the Goupil Gallery for the examination and the judgment of the critical crowd. That crowd has, for the most part, been somewhat in disfavour of Mr. Steer's work. It surprises the crowd, and gives them pause; whereas the crowd dearly loves to be quickly receptive and to rush to its conclusions. We are compelled to postpone a detailed criticism of these pictures.

We are on the eve of the reawakening of the active artistic world, a felicitous event that comes joyfully with the early spring, and, as ever happens before a reawakening, the hour that precedes the psychological moment is full of the peacefulness of expectancy. The art world is quiet just now. Painters are busy and ready to blossom like "the flowers that bloom in the spring." The question is, Will they sing the refrain "Tra-la" after the blossoming has come? It depends upon the summer sales.



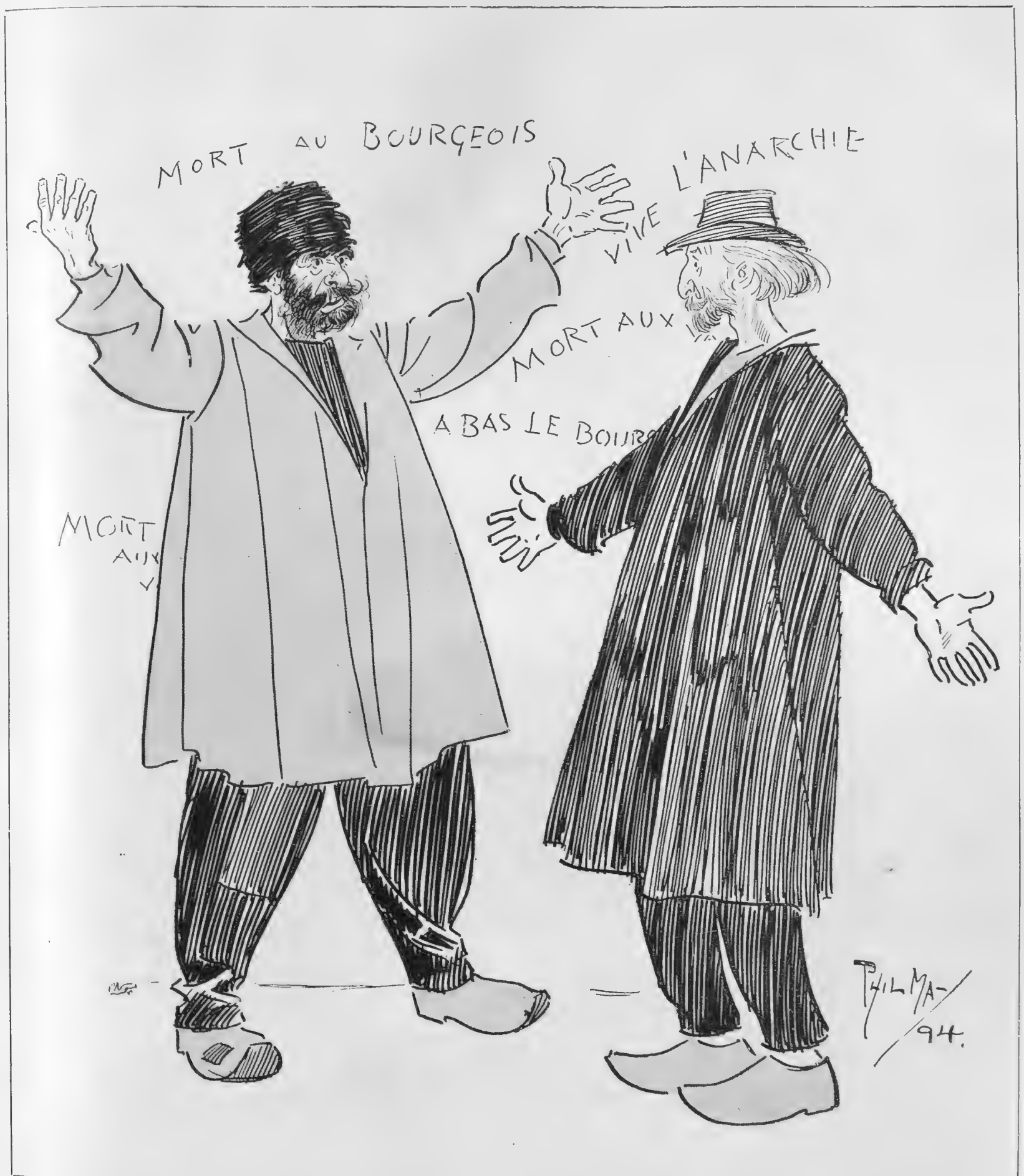
AFTERNOON TEA.—J. E. BLANCHE.  
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.





LE RÉVEIL DES DINDONS: PAYSAGE NIVERNAIS.—P. L. MARTIN DES AMOIGNES.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



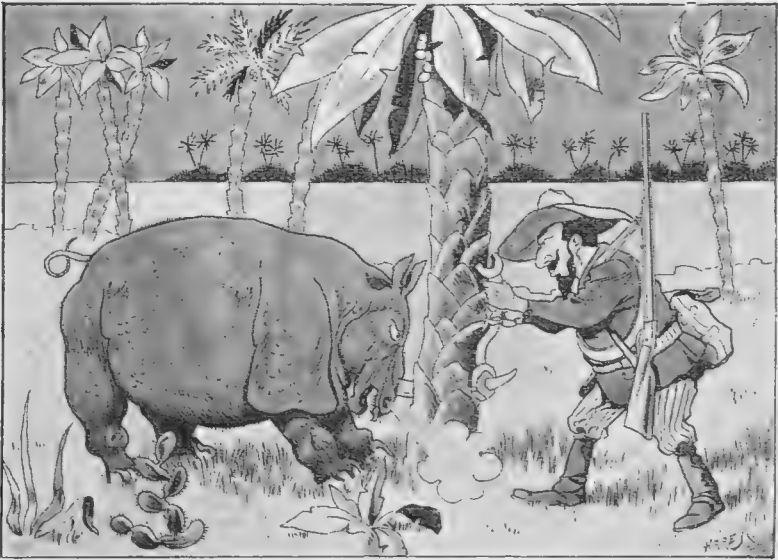
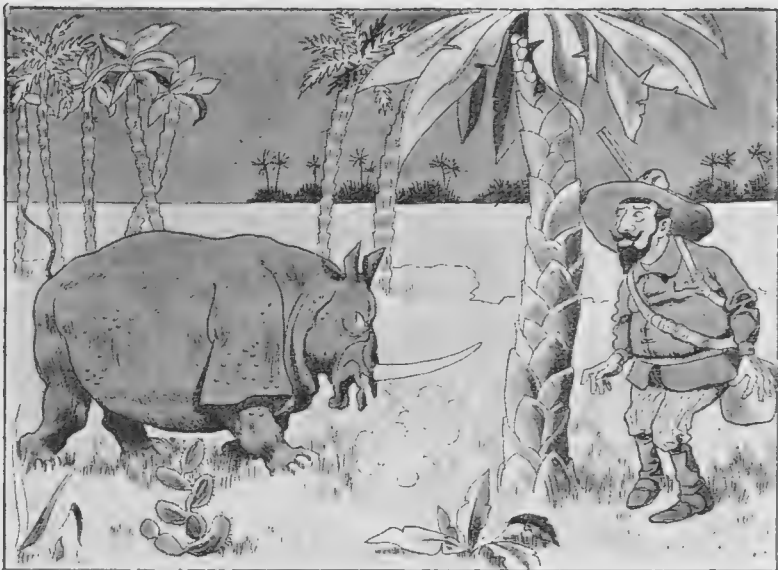
BOMB-AST.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.





IN THE BOGEY BUSINESS: A REDUCED NEIGHBOURHOOD.



IN DARKEST AFRICA.





# A JAPANESE THEATRE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Like the Parisians in so many outward traits of character, the Japanese are to a man, woman, and child passionately fond of the play. Drama and romance in some form or other are essential to their daily enjoyment of life. The merry-hearted, easy-going, laughing little Jap never allows black care to sit behind the horseman. He takes his misfortunes like a philosopher, and never weeps over ruin, disaster, or collapse. If his house is burned down overnight, the next morning will find him, not only removing the charred bones of his deceased relatives, but erecting the bamboo sticks to make a scaffolding for a new mansion on the *débris* of the old one. All the great temples, up hundreds of steps, and the ugly caged gods, smeared over with chewed bits of prayer paper and masticated intercessions, are surrounded with booths, wrestling shows, acrobat tents, and penny menageries. Religion and amusement go hand in hand, and are invariably cheek by jowl. When the girls cannot afford the time or the money to spend the whole of a day in a pit-box in a playhouse, they will go trooping off to the nearest plum, peach, or cherry orchard, to enjoy the blossoms and sit at the feet of some professional storyteller, who will treat these giggling children to some blood-curdling romance or sensation story. I have seen the Parsees and the Hindoos act in Bombay; I was escorted one afternoon by an old *sampan* woman and her daughter to a Chinese theatre in Canton, where the grave solemnity of the pigtailed audience contrasted

you, and your friends around you, in a deep well sunk into the pit floor of the house, and in this four-sided pen you can tiffin off raw fish and soy, and dinc off sweet mashed chestnuts served up with seaweed and an offensive vegetable called *daikon*, which would put the nose of the strongest Limburger cheese completely out of joint; and you can drink cups of *saké* and smoke little pipes literally from morning till night. There are plenty of long waits and *entr'actes* at a Japanese theatre. You begin with a grim historical romance; this is usually followed by a dance, or series of posturings, that lasts for two good hours, to the tune of the most horrible music that ever maddened human ear and nerves, and you are seldom dismissed without a modern drama of the most intensely realistic kind, full of murders and suicides and "happy despatches," and copious floods of real blood which would delight the hearts of the members of the Independent Theatre Society. No County Councils, benches of magistrates, or Lord Chamberlains interfere with the legitimate pleasures of the people in Japan. Where they go to be amused, they elect to eat, drink, and smoke, and talk freely to their friends, and in the course of the day, if the most curious-minded in the audience choose to wander on the stage between the acts or during the progress of the play, no one appears to raise the slightest objection. In fact, when the theatre is unusually full the overflow is accommodated on the stage, and it is difficult to tell which are "supers" and which are merely interested spectators.

When I first stepped inside a Japanese theatre and looked around me I was reminded of a discussion on the real theatre of the future which was started in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and ably argued as well as illustrated, a few years ago, by Henry Irving and his friend Mr. Darbishire. In shape it is as nearly square as possible, in size it only admits of two tiers, at the most, above the pit and stall space, and it has the distinct advantage that everyone in the audience can see and hear, wherever he is seated. The difficulty of our own theatre construction is purely one of space. Ground is so valuable that theatres are, for the most part, piled up into the air instead of spread out on the floor. They are far too high and never broad enough. The majority of the spectators look down on the heads of the actors instead of looking into their faces. The Japanese theatre is the most convenient shape that I have ever seen, and if Mr. Irving can ever get space enough for his projected theatre of the future and will insist on a wider stage, a wider auditorium, and a generally lower level, I am convinced he will be working in the right direction. The Japanese theatres are not only conveniently shaped but commendably safe. You can get outside any gallery or corridor in a couple of seconds and descend outside to the street level. This



A JAPANESE PLAYBILL.

strangely with the hideous din and buffoonery on the stage; but until I arrived in Japan I never completely recognised what a passion the play can become to an amusement-loving people.

The chance of seeing Danjiro, the great Japanese actor, at the largest and best of the theatres at Tokio was not one to be resisted, and, though it was one of the coldest days in an exceptionally bitter winter—and a Japanese theatre is so constructed in the matter of draughts and aggressive blasts of March wind as to lay up for the audience in the future a violent attack of influenza—to the theatre at Tokio I duly repaired, prepared to risk my life in the cause of the drama. Danjiro is a great institution. He is the Henry Irving of Japan. Whenever he acts the prices are raised, but still the house is crammed full. And the great Danjiro is, in his way, a reformer. Hitherto men and women have never been mixed on the Japanese stage. There have been plays entirely acted by men and boys, and by women and girls, but recently Danjiro has allowed his daughters to go on the regular stage, and I was lucky enough to see their first performance at the Tokio theatre. A visit to a Japanese theatre is a serious undertaking, I can assure you. The *matinée* question, that agitates us so much at home, and the discussion whether it is best to take our dramatic nourishment before or after dinner or supper, is settled in Japan in a very decided fashion. If you would follow custom, it will be necessary to take your seat before ten o'clock in the morning, and granted you are a very conscientious dramatic critic, it is not likely that you will be dismissed until nine or ten o'clock at night. Before I came to Japan the longest entertainment at which I ever assisted was the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. That lasted from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., with the briefest interval for refreshment. But the record was completely beaten at Tokio. All the same, you are not allowed to starve. Each theatre-owner is also the proprietor of several tea-houses in the immediate neighbourhood, and if you want to give a very swell theatre party you will take care to order in your box several repasts during the course of the day. There you sit on your haunches with a square fire-box in front of

facility for ingress and egress makes the theatre terribly cold and draughty, but, then, I have never seen a house, hotel, or playhouse in Japan that was constructed with a view to winter weather. Paper windows, panel doors, and match-board partitions certainly do not suit a temperature of 28 or 30 degrees.

On the other hand, there are novelties in a Japanese theatre to which, probably, Mr. Irving and his brother managers would scarcely assent. The most curious of these is the broad path across the stalls and pit, leading from the stage proper to the front of the house, called the *hanumichi*, or "flowery way." This path is not for the spectators, but for the actors on the scene, and I can only compare it to the pathway put across the pit and stalls when a conjurer is on the stage who desires to mix with his audience. In some Japanese theatres there are two of these "flowery ways," in all one, and they are invariably used when one of the characters is supposed to be starting on or is returning from a long journey. The Japanese actor, particularly Danjiro, is very great at entrances, but greater still at exits, and loves, when he is thus acting in dumb show, to be right among his audience, in order that they may study every facial expression. I have seen a pathetic exit by Danjiro that took at least ten minutes along the "flowery way," straight across the auditorium, without a word spoken.

You will ask me, no doubt, to give an instance from our own stage record where the Japanese "flowery way" could be used in a serious play. Well, I can recall a very celebrated entrance as well as an exit by Henry Irving when he was playing Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"—a play, by-the-way, that has been modernised for the Japanese stage without any compliment to Shakspeare. The entrance was where Shylock comes over the Venetian bridge after the supper, to find his daughter and his ducats gone; the exit was the ever-celebrated one of the dignified and heartbroken Jew at the conclusion of the trial scene. In Japan the Shylock would come in and go out by the "flowery way," and he might take as long



about it as ever he liked—the longer the better for the audience, who love to see the leading actor in their midst. In the matter of expression they are very keen, and there are plays where demons and hobgoblins, supposed to be unseen, gambol about the stage in order to throw a light under the actor's face. Strange to say, the limelight is unknown, and the general lighting of the scene is wretched in the extreme. The next novelty that I noted was one that might be of some practical use. The stage proper is provided with a circular turntable, such as we see on an English railway, but beautifully worked into the floor. Thus a scene, actors and all, can be turned completely round without dropping the curtain, and one scene can be completely set at the back of the circle while they are acting in the front. Something like this plan has, I believe, been tried both in Paris and America, but the revolving turntable of Japan is the first I have ever seen. Not, indeed, that they dispense with the drop-curtain altogether. Quite the contrary. Every actor of eminence has, at least, a dozen drop-curtains of his own, the presents of devoted spectators. Some are most beautiful and costly, embroidered silks and satins decorated with devices, and adorned with poems and dedications in the actor's honour. In Japan they do not throw flowers or wreaths at an actor; they give him a drop-curtain, and it becomes his personal property. In Japan they applaud freely; they weep copiously, but never hiss. It is said that the Japanese are unemotional, but even in the old days of Robson and "The Porter's Knot" at the Olympic I have never seen such floods of tears shed in a theatre as I did one afternoon at Nagasaki, the situation being the parting of an old mother and her favourite son. The women spectators were literally rocking with grief, and I thought these tears would put out the fires in the little boxes in the pit. Not being familiar with the language, it is impossible to criticise the acting; but I noticed that no actor uses his ordinary voice on the stage or talks in a natural manner. Danjiro chants his sentences, his voice ranging from a deep bass to the squeakiest falsetto. The effect is that of a swaying signboard, creaked by a gust of wind. What we call natural acting is unknown; tradition and conventionality are paramount.

The dramas are usually based on an historical or legendary romance, and are divided into two parts, one conversational, the other choral. The actors carry on the conversation, but the chorus is sung with the accompaniment of a *samisen* by a person or persons in the *tsubo*, a screened seat on the right of and above the main stage. The chorus explains the emotion and characters of the personage, and while this really dreadful music goes on the actors make the gestures only. In this respect the Japanese drama resembles the theatre of the Greeks, only I trust that such discordant chants never offended the sensitive Grecian ear. The music in a Cairene *café* when the girls are rolling round the stage or the strains of an Indian nautch are bad enough in all conscience, but never have I heard such terrible sounds as come from the *samisen* when the *geisha* girls dance at a Japanese dinner, or when there is an interlude of posturing between the Japanese plays. Danjiro is the greatest actor on the Japanese stage; but conceive an artist of his eminence dressed up as a woman, with *kimono* and *obi*, and going through the most tedious posturings for over an hour, bending and swaying his body and playing tricks with a paper fan! This is called amusement in Japan, and the people like nothing so well as one of these interminable dances, accompanied by music that is calculated to drive the ordinary European melancholy mad. Various dances were arranged in Japan for my special edification, but politeness alone kept me firmly fixed on my dismal seat.

By a curious coincidence, I was at the large shrine on the hilltop at Kamakura on the day before I saw the legend connected with this shrine enacted by Danjiro at Tokio. On the steps of this ancient and curious temple stands a splendid *icho* tree, said to be more than a thousand years old. Behind this very tree, according to the legend, Kuggo stood in 1219, waiting for the approach of his uncle, Sanetono, the third Shogun of the Minamoto family, who was going to visit the shrine to avenge his father. As Sanetono descended the steps, Kuggo rushed out, cut him down, and carried off his head. This was the sensation scene of the play, and it caused me to burst out into a fit of irreverent laughter. The procession came slowly and solemnly up the "flowery way," but when the doomed uncle came down the temple steps out popped Kuggo, who polished off the old gentleman in true pantomimic style. He fell with his body close to some drapery, so that a bleeding head was easily passed to the actor, and then the fun began. With his uncle's head in one hand and a sword in the other, he went through a transpontine combat that would have delighted N. T. Hicks or T. P. Cooke in the old Surrey days. The intrepid murderer was attacked in front and behind by an avenging army, but he slew them all single-handed. Having polished off those in front, he made a bound into the air and attacked his enemies in the rear, and then, with the stage literally littered with dead bodies, he bounded off down the "flowery way," the head still bleeding and the sword dripping blood in his victorious hands, to the rapturous applause of a delighted audience, who cheered him to the echo, and almost mobbed him at his exit. Then the curtain fell and the tragedy was at an end. But one of the most favourite scenes with the general public is when Danjiro, with intensely realistic detail, enacts the death of a criminal by his own hand, known as the "happy despatch." The judges, the executioner, and the victim are all on the stage, and you can hear a pin drop as the actor plunges the sword into his own body, as the blood gushes out on the stage and the death contortions are imitated with singular vividness and apparent reality. The more horrible the death or murder scene, the more the people like it.

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Poachers and Game Dealers.* I entirely agree with the suggestion lately made that game dealers should be compelled to keep a register, open to the inspection of the police, of all from whom they buy game. This should be so, if for nothing else, in the interests of those who preserve and shoot. As the practice stands at present, though it is true that a license for selling game is enjoined by the Act, it is practically shirked: while the game dealer, with his fixed establishment, is himself amenable, all that roving element from he may draw his supplies can do much as they please. So that I must pay my £3 license for shooting, but any scamp who comes along may steal my pheasants and sell them to the small country dealer with impunity; therefore, I, too, cry, "By all means make the dealer keep a register of all those from whom he buys." This would be a step in the right direction.

*Stoats Climbing Trees.*

I notice that two or three correspondents have written to the *Field* stating, as though it were something unexpected, that they have seen stoats climb trees. I remember very well how, one morning very early, as I, a small boy, was going out to catch tench for breakfast, a stoat ran out of a rabbit-hole by the path. I clapped my hands after the creature, when it suddenly jumped at the trunk of an oak-tree, and disappeared up among the branches like a flash. I was so surprised at this that I quite made up my mind that I had seen a polecat. I think I dreamed about polecats and martens all night. Early the next morning I visited the tree, and, looking up, there was my friend the stoat (not a polecat) peeping out of an old squirrel's drey, a long way up. I climbed, of course. Out popped the stoat, and, to the best of my belief, it dropped straight on to the ground, and was gone. But why should not the stoat or the weasel be expected to climb at least as well as their common prey, the rat? The rat, as we all know, is a most expert climber, and yet its feet are little more specialised for this than the stoat's. The fact is that neither the one creature nor the other can climb like a squirrel, but wherever the bark is rough, or ivy grows, or the tree leans, there both stoat and rat can get a footing, and once among the branches, they, of course, are right enough.

*Eels in Water Pipes.*

Every now and then little eels make their appearance in the water supply of large towns, and everyone is set talking about the phenomenon, or "mystery," as the local papers have it. It used to be, and possibly still is, so in London. The fact of the matter is this—and there is no mystery at all about it—eels, as is well known, breed in the sea or in brackish water. At the approach of the spawning season they work their way down to the estuaries of the river. After spawning, it would seem, they die. At all events, there is no record of their return to the river again; but the little eels, or "elvers," move upwards in vast numbers. Diminutive, almost filamentous, creatures, they can get in anywhere, and they do. Nothing short of an absolute filter can stop them. Wherever a pipe empties into the stream or draws from it, the fresh water running out or the current setting in will tempt some of the elvers to enter and try their luck. Talking of young eels reminds me of an amusing experience I had down on the Devonshire Dart a year or two ago. Coming back from trout fishing, early one morning, I happened to look over the parapet of a bridge, and there on a sandbank were a number of smallish eels, about a foot or so in length. I hunted round till I found a lob-worm, put it on and dropped it over the bridge. Then came a regular scramble. The eels regularly hunted that worm, following it about like a pack of hounds as I dragged it quickly over the bank. Also, they seemed to hunt by scent; for others, that had been lying out of sight beyond the bank in the deep water, would appear, scrambling up and over the bank in a terrible hurry. It was quite an amusing and exciting time.

*Will Goodall.* "At the end of the present season Will Goodall will have been huntsman to the Pytchley for twenty years. In recognition of the character, conduct, and ability he has shown during that long period, it has been suggested that the present would be a very fitting time to present him with a substantial testimonial of the universal respect and esteem in which he is held by all classes of the community. Subscriptions may be paid to Reginald B. Loder, Esq., hon. secretary, Maidwell Hall, Northampton." I am very glad to have an opportunity of bringing this quotation from the circular to the notice of any *Sketch* readers who may not have seen it, for if ever there was a hunt servant deserving of recognition in this way it is William Goodall. No one who has been out with the Pytchley is likely to forget his remarkable skill in handling hounds or his cheery good temper and disposition. One does not always sufficiently remember, I fancy, the rare and peculiar combination of qualities essential to the character of a first-rate huntsman, or realise how true it is that at least as much of the success of a run depends upon the huntsman as upon the hounds. To know exactly when to let hounds alone and when to interfere, to know often more than the hounds know and to put them right—these and a hundred kindred points are taken for granted when, in reality, they mean tact approaching to genius. Tact may improve with age, but nerve usually loses. And yet Goodall, at the end of his twenty years, may still be honestly described as the Pytchley's brilliant huntsman.

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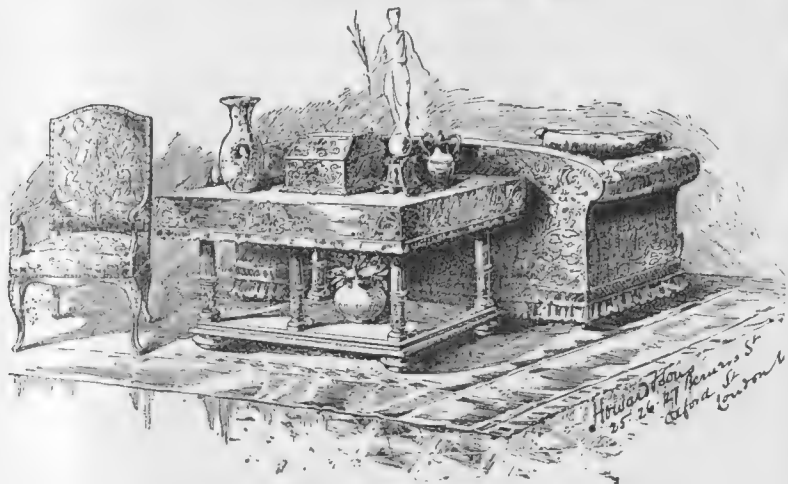
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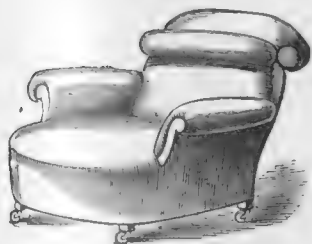
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## EXCESSIVE EATING AND CORPULENCY.

Many medical authorities urge that corpulency is a disease brought on by over-feeding; to an extent they are right, but in the majority of cases this distressing complaint is hereditary. Many persons also gain excessive weight on the most meagre dietary. The fattest man in England eats to our knowledge about one-fourth the quantity of food devoured by many of the lank and lean kind, and yet weighs, we believe, 43 stone. It is a singular fact that stout persons, availing themselves of the Russell treatment, which consists of taking a very pleasant and agreeable sort of tonic, composed of British herbs, invariably have their appetites increased to an extraordinary extent, and yet they may be losing perhaps 8oz. or more of unhealthy adipose matter daily, notwithstanding the increment of food taken. So this rather upsets the learned theories. One fact, we maintain, is worth a thousand theories, and, fortunately for our argument, it is a fact easily demonstrated. Let a person, if he feels inclined, weigh his food for one week roughly, then let him take three doses per diem of the Russell preparation (it is perfectly harmless and wholesome) for the following seven days, also weighing his food. He will find that he has considerably increased the quantity of food while taking the preparation, and at the end of the week, notwithstanding this addition, he will have lost perhaps from 2lb. to 7lb. This is very singular yet true. The scales are hard nuts to crack, they will not bear false testimony for a fee of 100 guineas. There is a very interesting pamphlet entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. C. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., which is sent free to any applicant on receipt of six stamps. It is very comprehensive and interesting to read. The various experiences of some hundreds of persons who have been under this treatment have been published, giving the account of their loss of weight, the effect upon their health, &c., which makes it exceedingly interesting reading, especially for those persons who are fat. His lady patients seem the most gratified, and are profuse in the blessings they shower upon his head, which it is supposed can be attributed to (don't be cross, ladies, we hardly like to write the words) vanity of the sweeter sex.

The following are extracts from other journals:

## CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's pamphlet containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold: in summer they are overburdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air-tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do, without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

## SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known popular jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruets, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an

acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has of course never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists', for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only sixpence. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million*.

## CURIOUS EFFECT IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new and orthodox treatment a stout person can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of 24 hours, having lost probably 2lb. of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five to ten pound weekly loss is registered until the person approaches his or her normal weight, then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals, and interesting particulars, including the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from a Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing sixpence in stamps. We think our readers will do well to call their corpulent friends' attention to this.—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

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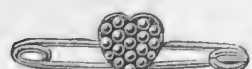
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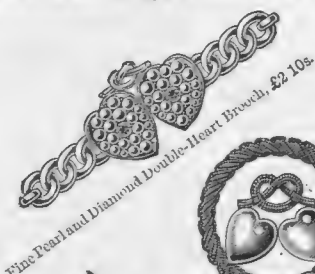
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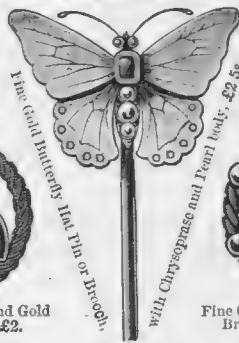
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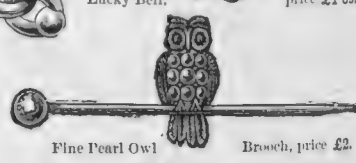
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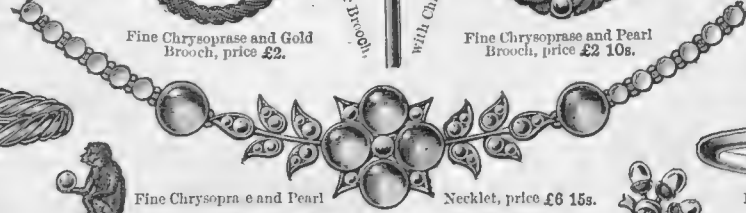
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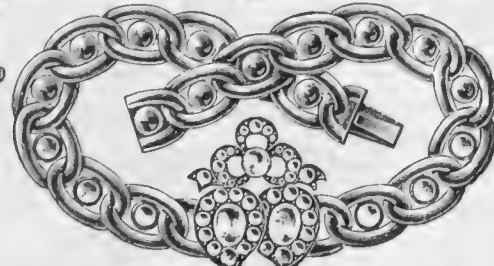
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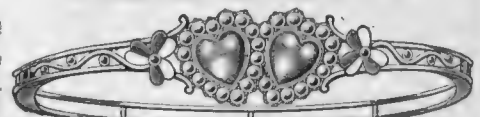


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## MISS FLORENCE LEVEY.

## A CHAT AT THE "EMPIRE."

The charming *danseuse*, who may claim to be one of the few thoroughly trained skirt dancers in Great Britain, comes of a well-known Irish theatrical family, and is niece of Mr. R. M. Levey, who was for thirty-five years musical conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

Miss Florence Levey, even in her every-day frock, looks an ideal votary of Terpsichore; every movement is instinct with grace, and both her hands and her feet might have served as models to Praxiteles.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS LEVEY.

"I ought to begin by telling you," observed Miss Levey, in answer to a question put to her by a representative of *The Sketch*, "that, like most other people, I started in life meaning to pursue quite a different branch of art to that which has fallen to me. I was destined for the operatic stage, but my voice gave way. I then turned my attention to dancing, and became one of M. D'Auban's pupils, and, indeed, I am still proud to call myself by that name, for an hour spent with him always teaches me something new."

"Then you began your stage career as a dancer?"

"Well, not exactly; my first engagement was in the chorus of 'Bluebeard.' Later, I acted the parts of the Lily and the Duchess in 'Alice in Wonderland.' By-the-way, the very first time I ever spoke any lines was in this dear old house, when it was really a theatre, and not a theatre of varieties. Never," continued Miss Levey, clasping her hands with a dramatic gesture, "shall I forget that evening. I was playing the part of a messenger, and had to say but a very few words, which ran, 'An envoy from the King of Polynesia seeks audience of your Majesty.' I was very nervous, but thought it had gone all right, though I was aware that I had spoken in a very low tone. Imagine my feelings on being told, when the performance was over, that what I had really said was, 'Somebody from the King of Polynny wants to see you.'"

"But this little incident did not discourage you?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, it encouraged me to further efforts. Still, my first real success was gained in a piece called 'The Sultan of Mocha,' produced by Lydia Thompson, the well-known burlesque artist. Violet Cameron also played in this piece, and I was fortunate enough to make a distinct hit as a dancing girl. My next experience was touring with Andrew Melville as part of a stock company—excellent practice from every point of view, for one has to play, sometimes at only a few hours' notice, every kind of part. Now," added Miss Levey, laughing, "it would take me some time to get up a long speaking part, but in those days I often really learnt what I was going to say during rehearsal."

"And then did dancing become your specialty?"

"Not till I went to the Gaiety," she replied promptly. "It was there that I first made my reputation as a 'high-kicker.' Perhaps you will remember that I was one of the original *pas de quatre*? I formed part of Mr. George Edwardes's company for some time, and visited America and Australia, the latter country in Letty Lind's place. I am absolutely devoted to our colonies, and I should dearly like to visit Australia again: the people were all so very kind to me there, and I am an excellent sailor and thoroughly enjoy a long sea trip—in fact, I went to America this summer simply for a holiday. No, not to Chicago, that would have been too tame."

"On my return to London after my Australian tour," she continued, after a slight pause, "I took part in the last piece in which poor Fred Leslie played, 'Cinder-Elfen,' I, Sylvia Grey, and Kate James taking the parts of the three sisters."

"And of late you have extended your patronage to the 'halls'?"

"Yes; they are so much more profitable, and it is pleasant work. But it is a mistake to imagine that a music-hall audience is not every bit as critical and as cultivated as that of a theatre. They know a good thing when they see it, and they require just as much artistic taste and thoroughness."

"What sort of public do I prefer? Well, that is a dangerous question," remarked Miss Levey, with a twinkle in her eye. "But I may just tell you that it does one's heart good to feel that you are giving real, genuine enjoyment. Of course, audiences differ. For instance, when dancing in the West End my turn is over in from five to ten minutes, but in the far East they expect more for their money—and get it, too. That is to say, more of each performer, a turn not infrequently lasting from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes."

"Is it true, Miss Levey, that you think of going back to the stage?"

The pretty dancer hesitated. "I long to try comedy, and, in fact, I had a very good offer from Mr. Daly. This, however, would have obliged me to be from home half the year. Still, if ever I get a real chance, I hope to try my hand at genuine acting. If this come to pass, I shall begin by taking small parts, and seeing what I can do; but I have always had a longing to play 'Sweet Lavender.'"

"To return to skirt dancing: can you give me any hints about this popular art?"

"Well," she observed, shaking her head thoughtfully, "one great secret of skirt dancing is knowing how to put in pins artistically, so much depends on the arrangement of the skirts themselves. But a dancer is born, not made; and if you have not got it in you, I doubt if any woman can acquire the power of being a graceful *danseuse*."



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

AS THE MAID IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."



## THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S LATE TASK.

At this moment of changes in the most important department of Government work—the Foreign Office—it is opportune to put down here, as concisely as is consistent with accurate information, some few leading facts of the way in which the oldest department of our



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER:  
LORD ROSEBERY, EX-FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Government is worked. Whether as a mixed monarchy or as a qualified democracy, our constitutional progress has been from a purely unrestrained exercise of sovereign power to a closely curbed action of all executive authority. It is this that leads us to select first that branch of rule which retains impressed upon it most deeply the marks of unrestrained prerogative. In our relations with other countries and States the will of our citizens has not yet made any great headway towards a definite control. The Government office which retains the character to which we refer is the Foreign Office, and we may, by way of a beginning, remark that this department is the one most closely in connection with the Crown, and likely to be the latest to part with the ancient landmarks of autocracy and aristocracy. Just two references will show that this principle is yet alive, so far as the present reign is concerned. First, when Lord Palmerston was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1850, the Queen issued an imperative memorandum, expressing her views as to what she expected, and commanded—

The Queen requires, first, that Lord Palmerston will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her royal sanction; secondly, having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered by the Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off.

From this imperative announcement it will be seen that her Majesty keeps a very tight hand on our international dealings. All purely foreign despatches are laid before her, and with her own pen—"the Queen's cipher"—are marked as read and noted. There are now five Secretaries of State—namely, for the Home, Foreign, War, Colonial, and Indian Departments. As a second example, it is worthy of remark that ever since foreign affairs have had assigned to them a special department two, and only two, pure and simple commoners (otherwise untitled persons) have held the office of Secretary—Charles James Fox, 1827 and 1806, and George Canning, 1807 and 1822.

But our purpose here is to give some idea of the work that falls to the lot of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs—say, one day's doings. It is imagined by some people that a Cabinet Minister is circumstanced much as Serjeant Buzfuz suggested that Sam Weller was—that he has "little to do and plenty to get." It is a paradoxical proverb that the man who has most to do has most leisure, and perhaps it will presently be thought astonishing how Lord Rosebery could find time to open institutes, advise the County Council, and master current public topics outside his own office, when he had such a burden of work to analyse, digest, and deal with in what was until recently his sphere of greatest activity.

Diplomacy and Geography are closely connected and interdependent—so much so, that some considerable profit has been made by a learned writer who has published a "Map of Europe by Treaty." It is true that the fringe of the great dome which looms over the grand staircase of the Foreign Office is inscribed with the pious legend, "Let the people praise Thee, O God; for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously and govern the nations upon the earth." Allegorical figures of tribes of every tongue are circled above in every sort of assenting attitude. But, after all, it is a case of everyone for himself, and diplomacy is merely national selfishness in essence.

Now we will give some statistics as to the numbers of our diplomatic and consular representatives, whose business has been cynically described

as "lying abroad for their country's good." It must be left to the individual imagination to appreciate the thin, silken distinctions between the various grades of our foreign Civil Service. Here they are in series and numbers: Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, 7; Envoys Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, 17; Ministers Plenipotentiary, 2; Ministers Resident, 9; Chargés d'Affaires, 2. The remaining attachés and adjuncts of the Diplomatic Corps amount to 100. Next we come to the Consular Corps, divided and sub-divided, Sirs and Generals, and Colonels and Honourables. Agents and Consuls-General, 7; Consuls-General, 44; Consuls, 151; Vice-Consuls, 507; Consular Agents, 48; Pro-Consuls, 124. Thus far 1018. These officers are, so to speak, within the pale of civilisation. But we, as a nation of enterprise, take our flag to the dark places of the earth, which a certain authority declares to be full of the habitations of cruelty. The mode of the picturesque Oriental mind requires peculiar treatment, and so a specially organised service has to deal with British interests in celestial China and Japan. This adds about 100 more to our list. Again, our philanthropic crusade against the slave trade and similar iniquities requires us to send out more envoys, and here and there to plant a chaplain, and so a few tens more are added to the total of persons in direct or indirect communication with the Foreign Office—in all, little short of 1200. But why all this arithmetic? Merely because the amount of work devolving upon the Foreign Secretary is in exact proportion to the number of his agents abroad. With each of these twelve hundred correspondence has to be conducted—yes, and attended to personally. In there comes, day by day, a mass of correspondence—diplomatic or political, consular (or British trade) business, *i.e.*, some to the Asiatic, others to the American department. Recent history has made it expedient to organise an Eastern Europe department, so Western Europe must also have a special audience for itself. Treaties, conventions, foreign orders, rewards, medals, passports, &c., and the thousand-and-one matters of customary every-day work fill up the river of manuscript that flows steadily into the office.

Can anyone calculate the labour that is involved in keeping up all this diplomatic, confidential, consular, and commercial writing? Some despatches run to ten, fifteen, or twenty foolscap pages. Every despatch bears on its back the record of its history. The despatches are read and digested, sorted and docketed in the different departments. A *précis* of their contents and suggestions as to what should be done or said accompany each, and everyone passes under the scrutiny of the Minister, and its proposals are negatived, qualified, or warranted by his pen. That is the system, good or bad, but persistent. Go to the Record Office and you will find the "Yeas" and "Nays," one and all, evidenced by pen-and-ink initials: "W" for Wellington, "C" for Clarendon, "D" for Derby, "S" for Salisbury, "R" for Rosebery. Then the replies are again submitted to the Secretary and passed by his signed assent. And this is done in no perfunctory manner, paragraphs and pages being often rewritten with his own hand. So far so much. Once more, there is the cloud of Foreign Ministers here in London that have to be written to and spoken with on all sorts of subjects. Visits, interviews, deputations, there they come in procession—the delicately perfumed, sylph-like, cigaretted, smiling diplomat of modern Europe; the stout, turbaned, and guttural envoy of the picturesque potentate, and the frank, brusque spokesman of the latter-day republic. All these take time to see and hear. With all the other offices of Government a constant interchange of communications is taking place. So, too, with the outside public, the man in the street, peer and squire and mechanic, someone or another is always writing to have some lost relation discovered, some distressed son or husband repatriated, or the valuable estate of a brother dying abroad looked after on the spot. Much that is more entertaining than useful could be told of these private letters. When we consider all this work, the wonder must grow how one man can control all these threads. He must have a cool head that can do it. In the Secretary's room there is a large table, and on that table are ranged a number of pneumatic tubes which work electric bells in the rooms of the heads of departments. In this way a quasi-council can be summoned in a few minutes, and the documents receive the final imprimatur of the Minister. If we were to compare the position of an editor of a very large newspaper with that of our Foreign Secretary, we can hardly say that, in proportion to his work, the latter is overpaid with £5000 a year. Go where he will, he can never get away from mail and telegraph, and the necessity of almost universal knowledge belongs also to him.

The individual citizen who reads this will have gathered enough to tell him what personal use he can make of the Foreign Office; but in all his dealings with that department he must proceed strictly *suaviter in modo*, and not expect Lord Rosebery or anyone else to go and take some king or emperor by the throat and compel him to do this or that. A certain amount of humbly begging and suing, performed through the medium of palatable circumlocution, has always to be done. If you happen to be a stranger in a strange land, distressed and friendless, seek out the nearest delegate of the Foreign Office, ambassador or consul, and he will help you and get you sent home. If you want inquiries made abroad about missing friends or business, the Foreign Secretary will do all he reasonably can for you, if you ask nicely. If you are a big corporation or a charitable society, or an associated chamber and such like, you will always be sure to get proper attention if you are polite and don't try to demand anything. Remember, all the asking goes before the Secretary of State, and his post is no sinecure. It is one of the most difficult seats in the Cabinet to fill, and there are few who could have filled it with the great tact and efficiency displayed by Lord Rosebery. His successor, the Earl of Kimberley, may be trusted to do honour to it.

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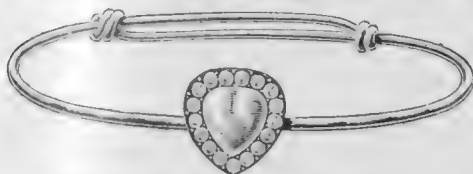
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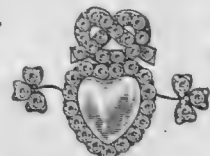
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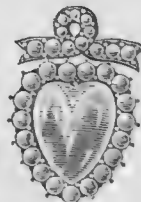
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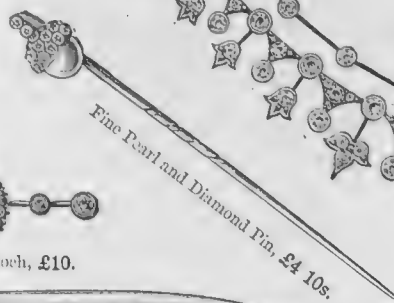
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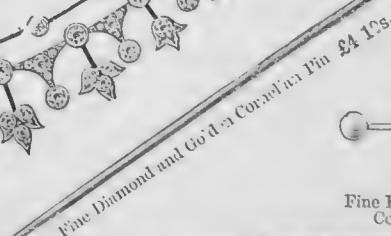
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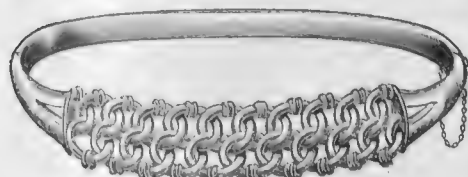
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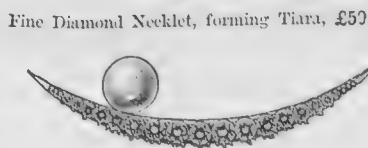
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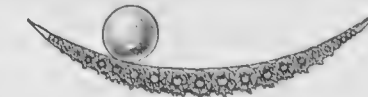
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## HOW THE PALACE TABLEAUX ARE LIGHTED.

## A CHAT WITH MR. W. P. DANDO.

Up till now the limelight has been pre-eminently the midnight sun of Christmas pantomime latitudes. Without it the glorious transformation scenes of fairyland would be nowhere. I was, therefore,

proportionately interested when I heard that a new light, to supersede the limelight, had been perfected by Mr. Dando, the stage-manager of the Palace Theatre, in connection with the very successful *tableaux vivants*; for I was aware that his inventive talent, exhibited repeatedly at the Châtelet Theatre, in Paris, and perennially in London, in all manner of illusionary effects and mechanical stage surprises, gave ample assurance that his new electric lamp would be worth inspecting. Most courteously this popular stage-manager tore himself from his responsibilities to give me his attention.

"No; the application of the electric light as a substitute for the limelight is no new

idea," he replied to my first question, "but its employment did not prove satisfactory. What I claim is to be the inventor of a simple apparatus which makes the electric light thoroughly practical in the hands of an ordinary limelight man, whose services will be just as much in requisition as heretofore, so that this branch of stage industry will not be done away with."

"Yes; but what I want to know is how you produce those lovely effects which I have seen to-night—for instance, that beautiful summer lighting in 'En Été,' 'Echo,' and 'Aurora.'"

"Well, I will give you some idea; but you must not expect too much, or I shall be giving our show away. You see here," said he, as we stood in front of the now empty frame behind the curtain, "I have concealed in this frame a series of over 272 lamps, worked on twelve different circuits, which enable me to light the picture exactly as shown in the original painting—for example, if the picture is lighted from the right, I bring my power of light to play upon the picture from the right, and so manipulate the other lights on the left that any harsh shadows shall be toned down. This arrangement of lighting does not, however, put those touches of chiaroscuro which make the figures stand out from the canvas, and this is where I bring in the arc lights. You will notice I have a number of my small arc lights fixed on a gallery above, and from this I manipulate the high lights in such a manner that I can copy the lighting of any picture to the smallest detail, as you have seen illustrated in the 'Doctor L'Orange,' &c."

"But besides its superior brilliancy and effect, what other advantages does the electric light possess over the lime?"

"Oh, several, and one not the least important is its greater cheapness in regard to its use. Of course, you know the limelight is produced by the incandescence of a piece of lime under the fierce heat of the combustion of hydrogen gas mixed with oxygen in close contact with the lime. To effect this, compressed gases, previously pumped into iron cylinders, are employed. Now, the cost of both hydrogen and oxygen is as much as £6 5s. per 1000 cubic feet, and in a large theatre, where as many as twenty limelights are frequently used, the yearly cost exceeds £1000, which, considering the comparative paucity of light really given, makes a serious item in theatrical expenditure; where the limelight is hired, as it is in some theatres, the limelight bill will sometimes amount to even £40 a week."

"I had no idea limelight was so costly. Well, and what other drawbacks does it possess?"

"There is more danger in its use, though less than there used to be since the advent of wrought-iron cylinders and the compulsory precautions enforced by the Brins Oxygen Company, who have almost the entire monopoly of supplying theatres with compressed gas. But with electricity at 100 volts a serious accident is impossible. Another disadvantage attending limelight is the unpleasant hissing noise, which has often been known to disconcert many a nervous singer or actor."

"Well, you certainly have knocked several nails into the coffin of limelight. Now kindly explain your new lamp to me?" Mr. Dando accordingly put the lamp before me.

"As I before mentioned, my aim was to make my arc lamp as simple in its construction as possible, not only because any complicated apparatus

would meet with serious prejudice behind the curtain, but also because I wish it to be manipulated by the ordinary limelight man, who probably is not much of an electrician."

"I see you are not only practical but shrewd. However, proceed."

"Well, you observe I have placed the two carbons horizontally, each working towards the other. Now, by turning this screw at the back of the lamp with my finger and thumb, I can feed the carbon of the positive pole in the proportion of two to one, which is necessary, as the carbon of the positive pole burns away twice as quickly as that of the negative under the influence of the 'continuous' current of electricity, which is that in use at the Palace Theatre. It is not necessary for our present purpose to explain why the positive pole of the carbon is consumed so much more quickly. Now, were I not to feed this piece of carbon, it would follow that the intervening space between the two carbons would increase to such an extent that the electric arc of light would no longer be formed; besides, were not the positive pole of the carbon kept in its original position, the light would not remain opposite the axis of the lens, which is, of course, an essential."

"I see your little arrangement of cog-wheels and how they work, and I think it is very ingenious." With thanks, I then took my leave.

## "CONSTANTINOPLE" TO CONSTANTINOPE.

To the uninitiated it would seem as if the journey indicated in the foregoing title was travelling in a circle. Of course, it was from the Kensington "Constantinople" that Mr. Jefferson started on Saturday, on a "Swift" safety cycle, for the real Constantinople. The itinerary of Mr. Jefferson's proposed ride is an interesting one. From Dieppe he made for Paris, via Rouen and Les Andelys, and thence to Troyes, Châtillon, Dijon, Pontarlier, Oron, Montreux, Villeneuve, and Martigny, to Brieg. From this point he will commence the ascent of the Alps, crossing by the Simplon Pass into Italy at Domo d'Ossola. Pallanza is then made, Varese, Gallarate, and Milan, the last-named place being reached about Tuesday. Verona, Padua, and Venice are the next most important points, after which he expects his real difficulties to commence. He will "wheel" round the estuary of the Adriatic to Trieste, then on into Slavonia, through Laibach, Gurkfeld, and Sissek to the valley of the Danube—Essek, Peterwardein, Semlin, and Belgrade being the principal stopping-places. A southerly course will then be taken through Servia towards the Balkans, passing through Parachin, Alexinat, and Nissa,



MR. ROBERT LOUIS JEFFERSON.

into Bulgaria; then through Sophia, Iktiman, Tatar-Bazardjik, to Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia. He will strike Turkey proper soon after this, and will "wheel" through Khaskoi, Ilermanli, Adrianople, Eski-Baba, Tehorlu, Silivri, and San Stefano to the City of the Golden Horn—Constantinople. The tour is expected to occupy about twelve weeks.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Scotland must be mightily puffed with her own strength in the Association world. Not only has the north country refused to call in the help of Scotchmen playing in England for her International matches, but she has actually chosen three distinct and separate teams to play England, Wales, and Ireland. Scotland will presumably defeat Wales and Ireland, but I don't think the team which has been chosen to oppose England likely to go anywhere near fulfilling its object. It is true that England's team of professionals could only play a drawn game with Ireland, but the mixed team which will be chosen to represent the Rose against the Thistle will be a very formidable eleven. The days of Scottish ascendancy in the Association game are long since past, and the poor, petty pride which makes the Scottish authorities refuse the help of the Anglo-Scot will only make Scotland ridiculous.

A good many people are asking why Sellars, of Queen's Park, has been chosen in preference to Walter Arnott, to play against England. It certainly cannot be because he is the better man for the position. In no sense of the word is Sellars a first-class back. I hear that influence has been brought to bear upon the Scottish Association to run Sellars against Arnott, so that the latter may not gain a greater number of International caps against England than a certain member of the Scottish

Association, who now ties with the old Queen's Parker. I hope this story is too bad to be true.

The recent successes of Sunderland in League matches have given rise to the hope that the Sunderland Scots have still a slight chance of obtaining the championship. Considering the lead which Aston Villa have already secured, I am afraid that it is a forlorn hope for Sunderland. They should, however, make a good second.

Few men have done more for Army football than Quarter-Master-Sergeant Murray, of the 2nd Scots Guards. The 2nd Scots have reached the semi-final of the Army Cup this season, and Q.M.S. Murray is hopeful that they will once more regain the



Photo by Louis, Euston Road, N.W.

Q.M.S. MURRAY, 2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS.

trophy. Q.M.S. Murray is more than a footballer; he served in the Camel Corps of the Nile Expedition for the relief of General Gordon, and has the Egyptian medal and star, with clasps for the battles of Abu Klea, El Gubat, and Metemmeh.

It is not often in these days that a football prophet has reason to congratulate himself. Yet I think I can fairly lay claim to the distinction of being the only man out of Bedlam who prophesied that the Rest of England would beat Yorkshire. Not only were the hitherto invincible Tykes beaten on their native heath, surrounded by their friends and admirers, but, what is of more account, they were outplayed, and made to look very small fry indeed.

The net result of this final trial match before meeting Scotland was that the Yorks representation in the English fifteen remains pretty much the same. Toothill has dropped out among the forwards, but G. Jackson, the ex-Gloucester player, has superseded Hooper at three-quarter. I understand, however, that Lockwood will be unable to take the journey to Edinburgh next Saturday, which will probably make one Yorkshireman fewer in the team. Candidly, I don't like the English forwards, and I hardly expect England to win.

I suppose the Scottish Union know their own business best, but they can hardly know the distinctive merits of Neilson and McGregor, else they would not have played Mac at back to allow Neilson to come into the three-quarter line. McGregor is simply the finest centre three-quarter in the country (barring Arthur Gould); while Neilson, who is brilliant individually, has again and again shown a plentiful lack of knowledge of the Welsh style of play. Individually, Scotland's backs appear to be superior to England's, but to my mind the Scottish backs have not been selected with a view to combination. For all that, I expect Scotland to win.

Cardiff appears to be the only club capable of beating Newport. Football form is a sore puzzle. Newport defeats Bradford by 34 points to nil. On the following day Bradford defeats Cardiff by a small

majority, and five days later Cardiff defeats Newport by two goals to nil. After that, anything.

Bedford are still undefeated, and I hear that if they can play off their ordinary fixtures without loss Newport will give them a game at the end of the season. It looks a little like breaking a butterfly on a wheel, but one never knows what may happen.

## GOLF.

A thirteen-hole victory for Oxford over Cambridge was altogether unexpected, but it cannot be said that it was not thoroughly deserved. The play of Mr. Chance, who defeated the Oxford captain by four holes, was the most noteworthy performance in the match. E. K. Le Fleming also played a fine game for Cambridge. He is a brother of the well-known athletes, J. and H. Le Fleming.

I hear that, owing to his approaching marriage, F. A. Fairlie will be missing from the field of competitors on April 25. It is to be hoped that in double blessedness he will have a fair course, steer clear of bunkers, and find the putting green run true and smooth.

A match has been arranged between Butell, of St. Anne's, and McEwan, of Formby. Thirty-six holes are to be played over Formby and St. Anne's, commencing at the latter place to-day. I have a notion that McEwan, whose driving is very fine, will be successful.

Mr. Laidley requires little practice to get into form. Since his return to the links a few weeks ago, he has twice defeated Andrew Kircaldy. He ought to make another very good show in the coming championship. By-the-way, I hear that Mr. Horace Hutchinson, captain of the Royal Liverpool Club, has been ill with a slight congestion of the lungs. His friends will wish him a recovery speedy enough to enable him to take his place in the championship contest.

## CRICKET.

In the current number of the *Cricket Field* is an interesting reprint of the oldest laws of the game of cricket, together with a woodcut showing the position of the field in 1740. So far as the general principles of the game are concerned, it is wonderful how little the rules have changed during the last 150 years. The following is a reprint of the first three rules—

## YE LAWS OF YE GAME OF CRICKET.

Ye pitching of ye first wicket is to be determined by ye cast of a piece of money.

When ye first wicket is pitched, and ye popping crease cut, which must be exactly 3 feet 10 inches from ye wicket, ye other wicket is to be pitched directly opposite, at 22 yards distance, and ye other popping crease cut 3 feet 10 inches before it.

Ye bowling creases must be cut in a direct line from each stump.

Ye stumps must be 22 inches long, and ye bail 6 inches. Ye ball must weigh between 5 and 6 ounces. When ye wickets are both pitched, and all ye creases cut, ye party that wins ye toss up may order which side shall go in first, at his option. Ye bowler must deliver ye ball with one foot behind the crease even with ye wicket, and when he has bowled one ball or more shall bowl to ye number of 4 before he changes wickets, and he shall change but once in ye same innings. He may order ye player that is in at his wicket to stand on which side of it he pleases at a reasonable distance.

## AQUATICS.

Since last writing the Cambridge crew have undergone considerable improvement, but their trials do not show them to be particularly fast. One is glad, however, to think that, though the odds are in favour of Oxford, we are likely to have a race after all. The Cantabs are rowing well together, but in spite of the teaching of Muttelbury and Co. their stroke is extremely short. The Oxford crew are not so neat a combination, but, what is more to the purpose, they are extremely powerful, and possess a long, strong, clean stroke. As the day for the race approaches it is generally noticed that betting veers round to something like evens, but I shall be greatly surprised if Oxford do not start strong favourites and win with a fair amount of ease.

## ATHLETICS.

The inter-Varsity sports will be brought off next Saturday, immediately after the Boat Race. I fancy Oxford will repeat last year's victory by a smaller margin, although we may expect to see sensational, if not record, performances by Horan, provided his injured foot enables him to run with any freedom. I hear that there is a probability of C. B. Fry not being able to jump, having bruised his heel in the recent Varsity sports. He will, however, enter for the sprint. Lutyens is running very finely, and should win the mile with ease.

The result of the Cross-Country Championship was a bit of a surprise, so far as the club placings were concerned. Salford was first, Birchfield second, and Essex Beagles (the late holders) third.

Salford provided the first man home in Crossland, who was followed by H. Watkins and G. Martin, in the order named. Pearce, the well-known distance runner, fairly broke down, and had to be assisted home.

OLYMPIAN.



HERE YOU HAVE IT!

## ELLIMAN'S

FOR

### Cramp in Young Ducks.

F. A. B. writes in the *Field*, July 15, 1893.

"When young ducks go in the legs from the cramp, which at this time kills so many, a bed of dry hay in a warm place, and a few rubbings with Elliman's Horse Embrocation, and having their food and water given so that they cannot wet their legs for a few days, will cure nine out of ten; and, of course, they must have chopped animal food and green vegetables."

### Rheumatism in a Bird.

"43, King's Road,  
Brighton,  
Nov. 1, 1892.

"Miss Farquharson's Bullfinch has been suffering from rheumatism in its legs, and was quite unable to stand; it is now, after using Elliman's Embrocation for a week, entirely cured and able to fly about the room as usual."

## ELLIMAN'S

FOR

### Cramp in Chickens.

Mr. EDMUNDS MASSEY,  
Arnyard House,  
Eltham, Kent, writes:

"June 15, 1893.

"I have some very delicate young chickens (four weeks old) one of which was severely afflicted with cramp, so much so that the feet were entirely useless for three or four days. After rubbing your Embrocation on the legs and feet, both of which were icy cold, two or three times during the day, the little thing entirely recovered."

### Cramp in Ducks.

A Lady writes from  
Welshpool:

"July 10, 1893.

"I have tried your Embrocation thoroughly and with great success for young ducks with cramp in the legs."



REJOICING.

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## WHERE TO GO AT EASTER.

The railway companies, as usual, offer special facilities for Easter travellers. The South-Eastern Company announce that a cheap excursion will leave Charing Cross and Cannon Street for Boulogne on Saturday week, returning from Boulogne on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street from March 21 to 26 inclusive, available for eight days, to Paris, via Calais, and to Brussels via Calais and via Ostend. Cheap first and second class tickets will also be issued to Ostend, available for eight days. On Bank Holiday a cheap day excursion to Calais and back will be run from Charing Cross and Cannon Street. Cheap Saturday to Monday tickets to Calais and back will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on Saturday week.

The Brighton Company, on and from Monday, are to accelerate the day special express service through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every week-day and Sunday, and arriving in Paris at 6.30 p.m. The similar day special express service leaving Paris for London 9 a.m. every week-day and Sunday morning will leave at 9.30 a.m., and be accelerated to arrive in London the same time as at present, 7 p.m. A special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, will be run from London by the accelerated special express day service on to-morrow week, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 22 to 27 inclusive.

The London and North-Western, to-morrow week, run a special express from Willesden at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Rugby, Trent Valley stations, and Stafford; a special train will leave Birmingham for Rugby at 4.7 p.m., calling at Coventry, and passengers for Coventry and Rugby will not be conveyed by the 4 p.m. express from Birmingham; special express trains will leave Euston Station at 4.25 p.m. and 6.55 p.m. for Birmingham, arriving at 7 and 9.35 p.m. respectively; the 12 midnight train from Euston will be extended from Warrington to Preston on Good Friday morning, arriving at Preston 6.2 a.m. On Good Friday the 5.15 a.m. newspaper express train from London (Euston Station) will run to Blisworth, Northampton, &c., on to Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, &c. A special train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring. On Good Friday the usual Sunday service of trains will be run. On Friday night and Saturday morning, March 23 and 24, the 11.41 p.m. and 12.5 a.m. train from Carlisle will run as usual.

The Midland will run cheap excursion trains from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Furness district, Carlisle, &c., to-morrow week, returning the following Tuesday, and from London (St. Pancras) to Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., returning the following Monday night. Excursion trains for six days will also be run to-morrow week to London from Carlisle, Bradford, &c., and on Good Friday from Bradford, Leeds, &c., for two or three days, and from Burton, Derby, &c., for one, four, or five days.

The Great Northern, to-morrow week, will run a six-days' excursion to and from London (King's Cross) and Scarborough, Whitby, York, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaster, &c. A cheap excursion will also be run on Thursday, March 29, from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, returning April 3. On Good Friday, the 5.15 a.m. express from King's Cross will be run through to Lincoln, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, York, Newcastle, and Scotland. Cheap two- or four-days' excursions will be run from Manchester, Oldham, &c. to London. On Saturday week cheap three-days' excursion trains will be run from Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Huddersfield, &c. to King's Cross.

The Hook of Holland route to the Continent via Harwich offers exceptional facilities to passengers visiting Holland and Germany at Easter. Holiday-makers leaving London any evening arrive early the next morning at Amsterdam, the Hague, and the chief Dutch towns, to which return tickets at single fares will be issued from London and March from the 19th to 24th instant inclusive. Cheap tours have been arranged via the Harwich-Antwerp route. Passengers leaving on Wednesday or Thursday arrive in Brussels next morning, and may return on Monday in time to reach their homes on Tuesday. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on the 22nd and 24th instant for Hamburg, taking passengers at single fares for the return journey.

## BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

The recent report of the Medical Officer of Health of this charming new seaside resort (which is within three miles of St. Leonards-on-Sea) states that it continues to maintain its reputation as one of the most healthy places in the country. Of a normal population of over 6000 inhabitants, the average death-rate was only 11 per 1000, and not a single death occurred from infectious disease, which, to a large extent, is attributable to the perfect system of drainage. Not least among the attractions of Bexhill-on-Sea is the beautifully situated Sackville Hotel, which has recently been considerably enlarged and furnished throughout in a most luxurious and comfortable style by Messrs. Maple and Co. Attached to the hotel are splendid golf links and tennis-courts, for the use of which the proprietors make no extra charge. The stabling in connection with the hotel is excellent, the accommodation being sufficient for nearly one hundred horses. The surrounding country is very beautiful and full of historical associations.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,— Capel Court, March 10, 1894.

The Bank reserve has again risen to over 60 per cent. of its liabilities, but a distinct set back is to be noted in the late rapid rise in price of the very highest class of investment "gilt-edged" securities. In truth, it is time people reflected seriously before paying fancy prices for Consols or Home Corporation stocks, for, although the interest is safe enough, there is room for considerable reduction in capital value, and no doubt, as soon as confidence revives to any appreciable extent, we shall see the withdrawal of considerable sums from this class of security, which people just now look upon as a sort of resting-place while they are seeking about for something yielding a little more interest.

We have little doubt that during the current year a considerable revival will make itself manifest, and many sound second-class securities which are little run after now will considerably appreciate in value. For instance, the stock of the Imperial Continental Gas Company, the debentures of the De Beers Company, and the bonds of the Nitrate Railway strike us as examples of a fair return and practical security, dear Sir, not to mention the debentures of many trust companies and several Colonial corporation stocks, which, though hard to pick up, are probably the best value for money available at the moment. The City of Wellington 6 per cent. Waterworks Loan at something below 120, and irredeemable until 1929, is a good example of the class.

There is little doubt that a substantial improvement in trade is making itself manifest, and the iron and shipbuilding industries are leading the way. The traffics of the Home Railway lines have again, with the exception of the Midland return, been satisfactory; but the market has been dull all the week. We still believe that North-Easterns are the most promising among the heavy lines.

As to Yankee Railways, we are glad to find that, despite the circumstantial stories about the passing of the Milwaukee dividend, to which we have before alluded, it has been decided to pay two dollars per share as usual, and a flat denial is officially given to the story about the sale of bonds by the company. The dealings in the American market have been very restricted all the week, but the general tone has been healthy, and if the trade outlook, which is dependent upon some settlement of the tariff question, could be made a little more certain, we might reasonably expect a general revival of confidence. You may expect definite proposals for Reading reorganisation shortly, dear Sir, and the absurd idea of funding the coupons upon the general mortgage bonds for five years will, we understand, be dropped.

After all, there seems a fair prospect that Guatemala will reconsider her decision about defaulting, and for "rubbish" the bonds might suit you as a speculation. To what absurd price Egyptian Unified are to be carried we do not know, nor do we suppose the English investor is very much interested, for as long as he can find an obliging foreigner to relieve him of his stock at 105, or a price which returns him only 3½ per cent. upon his capital, we should suppose he would be only too willing to supply his French or German friend with the Khedive's promises to pay. A beginning as to the railway guarantees has been made by the Argentine Government, which, utterly inadequate as it is, at least shows an indication that better things may be expected. From private information that reaches us, we believe things are prospering on the river Plate, and the traffic returns of the Uruguay Railways are eloquent confirmation of our correspondents' letters. We repeat what we have several times urged upon you, dear Sir, that the Government bonds at 38 are a very good 9 per cent. investment.

Allsopp's and Aerated Bread shares have been the most active things in the miscellaneous market. The former have touched 107, and even at 105 are at an absurd price; but the "bears" have, no doubt, been fairly caught, so that they are suffering in the same way as their relations who were squeezed in Warner's Safe Cure shares not many years ago. From Australia we hear that the three banks which pulled through the late crisis are all doing well, and that some even of the reconstructed institutions are on the high road to prosperity. The price of Colonial loans has been unduly forced up in the late revival of investment buying, but there is no doubt that the general position is slowly but surely improving, especially in New South Wales. The shares of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company have risen, and we understand Mr. Barnato has been able to put an end to all fear of competition. You might do worse than buy a few shares as a speculative investment, dear Sir, and if any of your friends happen to be picking up Chartered shares at the same time, we should be prepared to wager a good round sum that the laugh would be on your side before the scrip has been locked away in the strong boxes many months.

The shareholders of the Industrial and General Trust are at length waking up, and a combined effort is to be made to turn out the directors whose mismanagement has nearly brought the concern to liquidation. You will, we know, join heartily in the movement to remove the Hon. C. N. Lawrence and his co-director from the lucrative positions to which they cling. It may be hard for these people to have nice places taken away from them, but surely shareholders are not so supine as to submit for ever to the rule of the late chairman of the South American and Mexican Company, who was a party to the purchase of the shares of the Trustees Corporation with the money of the shareholders.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Somewhere between the critics who find that "The Best Man" is a brilliant work and the one who refers to it as coming from the Flint Age seems to be the truth about Mr. Ralph Lumley's new farce. It is not quite so funny as "The New Boy" or "Charley's Aunt," yet certainly more amusing than the ordinary goods imported from France or manufactured in Germany. Perhaps one looks at it kindly; one is tired of the foreign wares, which always retain a strong leavening of sex, though the adapters strive hard to eliminate it. It is pleasant to deal with a play without having to assume that "wife" means someone with no legal rights, and that "flirtation" is really something that creates legal rights—or wrongs.

However, to suggest that "The Best Man" has only negative merit is unjust. The subject is amusing, and not without novelty. The second half of my phrase reminds me of a remark made by a professor of



Photo by W. Wright, Upper Norwood.

MISS CORA POOLE AS MISS JEVONS-BAILEY IN "THE BEST MAN."

literature at Montpellier on a French tale written by me—that it betrayed my nationality in its constant use of negatives in making an assertion. Moreover, one or two touches of character are delightful. The station-master who, when invited to the wedding of Sir Lovel Gage, offers to bring his concertina, really is a type, and his sweetheart is a perfect sample of lady's maid. These two, in the persons of Miss Eliza Johnstone and Mr. George Shelton, took the honours in the acting: in neither of them could any change be made without injury.

Mr. J. L. Toole defies criticism. Occasionally a callow critic thinks it his duty to make an attack on him and call him old-fashioned—I beg the critic's pardon, "*vieux jeu*"; but if his broadly comic method causes hearty laughter every night, if he has won his way to the people's heart, so that he has a royal reception on his recovery from illness, it hardly matters that his style is not what it does not pretend to be. No man alive has given birth to so much laughter as "Johnny" Toole, and to expect him to desert a successful method because of late years there has been a change of style in the theatre is absurd. No small part of the attraction of the play is formed by the three pretty girls, the Misses Alice Kingsley, Florence Fordyce, and Cora Poole. Their pleasant acting and delightful persons greatly aid the play.

If you go to see "The Transgressor" at the Court, you should arrive early enough for "Fashionable Intelligence." It is a lively duologue by Mr. Percy Fendall, acted to the great satisfaction of the audience by those accomplished artists, Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Charles Brookfield. To miss "The Transgressor" would be a great mistake, for Miss Olga Nethersole's acting as the heroine is one of the most notable performances now on the stage.—The 150th performance of "Little Christopher Columbus" takes place to-morrow.

## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "GO-BANG," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

Miss Di Dalrymple, *première danseuse* of the Variety Theatre, was "the dearest little dancer of to-day" in more senses than one—you may guess the others from her conduct. She had set her cap at Dam Row, the Boojam elect of Go-Bang, a country whose wealth so fascinated her that she resolved to "go Nap" on its presumptive ruler, and accepted a contract binding on him, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns to go and dance in Go-Bang, on condition that he married her and endowed her with all his "worldly goods," which included some hundreds of wives, of whose existence she was ignorant. If you wish to get a more accurate idea of Di, you may read her own view of herself—

I'm a *prima ballerina assoluta*—  
I am famous from St. Petersburg to Utah,  
As the dearest little dancer of to-day!  
When I figure in a ballet operatic  
All the gentlemen are ardent and ecstatic,  
And this is what I often hear them say—  
"Fie, Di! try, Di, not to be so shy, Di!"  
My Di, why, Di, will you not reply, Di?  
Charming little dancer, only give an answer,  
If you do not love me, I shall die, die, die!"

Now, when Di went out to Go-Bang—a part of Japan where people dress *à la Siamoise* and talk of Ceylon tea—she did not take her mother with her, for, as she observed, she had not got a mother just then; she had dismissed the last because she wanted an increase of salary. This caused Dam Row to remark that "sometimes mothers are the invention of necessity." She found herself in an awkward plight, for Dam Row proved to be only a candidate for the monarchy, and merely second favourite at a long price. However, Di was equal to the occasion, or any other; she "went Wellington" on the first favourite, one Jenkins, an ex-greengrocer. Of course, she did not act on the silly maxim, "It's best to be off with the old love"; the one about "two strings" was more in her line, though, perhaps, it is a dangerous policy in a land where bowstrings are used for despatching people as well as arrows.

So Di simply declared that her contract would be binding on the Boojam, whoever he might be. Meanwhile, she won the hearts of the Siameo-Cingalese inhabitants of the Japanesque Go-Bang by appearing as a "Chinee Dolly," in which she looked delightful, and sang a quaint song, of which I give one stanza—

I'm a dear little Chinese dolly,  
Loved by every doll and toy—  
Dolls that could talk and toys that could walk,  
But the best was a bold tin soldier-boy!  
For he had a coat of red, red, red,  
And a sword and a gun of lead, lead, lead,  
And he looked so grand on his little stand  
That he won the maid of the Flowery Land! (*Sobs.*)  
Once so jolly, dolly, talkee folly, dolly,  
Used to sing song, dancee with a fan,  
Now so solly, dolly, melancholy dolly,  
All for my tin, tin soje-man!

She wound up with a dainty puppet dance, ending in a somersault, so discreet, alas! as to leave everything to be desired.

However, the delightful Di had a rival in the pretty person of Helen Tapeleigh, daughter of the British Resident, who, under the orders of her father, displayed an official tenderness for Dam Row and a semi-official tenderness for Jenkins, while on her own account she had an unofficial tenderness for Narain, the Boojam's secretary. The two candidates, both aided by Wang, the chief priest, and alternately assisted by the British Resident, indulged in a bloodless fight for the crown. Meanwhile, during these election manœuvres, which I, who have no politics, failed to understand, Di continued dancing.

She appeared in a black ballerina costume, and though she hardly attempted *entrechats*, *vols d'oiseau*, *arabesques*, difficult *pirouettes*, or other purely technical joys, she astonished the natives and delighted the audience by her skill and grace. Anon she gave imitations, easily recognisable, of the dancing of Miss Sylvia Grey, of Loie Fuller, that proved very funny, and then—"wheels within wheels," as Mr. Weller was fond of saying—she imitated Miss Cissy Loftus's imitation of Letty Lind with remarkable skill: the point lies in the fact that Letty plays Di. The story ends in the unexpected election of Narain as Boojam and the triumph of Helen's unofficial tenderness; so Di "went Blucher" on her first love and agreed to "work the halls" with Dam Row and take his salary. Lucky dog!

The Ross-Carr work, when cut, will prove a delightful entertainment. There are plenty of plums of every kind in the piece, and when there is less pudding I should very much like to taste it again. MONOCLE.

## THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

"Robinson Crusoe," the fifteenth of Sir Augustus Harris's pantomimes at Drury Lane, was one of the four plays that ended their career in London on Saturday, and, as the last one produced under the present lease, was in its way historical. The occasion was thus exceedingly appropriate for congratulating Druriolanus, not only on return to health, but on his return to the Lane, for the Duke of Bedford has renewed the lease for at least seven years. At the close of the pantomime, the entire company occupying the stage, Mr. Herbert Campbell in their name presented their "dear Governor" with a memorial address and a service of plate. Sir Augustus replied, amid enthusiastic plaudits from "behind" and "in front," sketching his past achievements and his future intentions.



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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE GOWNS IN "THE BEST MAN."

After for so long associating Miss Beatrice Lamb with the classical draperies of statuesque Niobe, it was quite strange to see her taking

part in the new play at Toole's Theatre, attired in the most fashionable of modern gowns—gowns which, in fact, were so eminently smart and up to date that I have had two of them sketched for you, as representative of the very newest modes. First, then, Miss Lamb appears in Act I. in an effective gown of electric-blue cloth, the bodice having the three seams at the back outlined with bands of black guipure, glittering with jet and metallic-blue sequins, while the side pieces in front are covered with the same lovely trimming, the vest, of the cloth, being draped across the figure. Needless to say, the skirt is full, and draped in the now inevitable fashion, and the costume is completed by a dainty little jet bonnet, trimmed with butterfly bows of sequined lace and two red roses.

In the same act Miss Fordyce wears a charmingly simple gown of café-au-lait crépon, the yoke and cuffs being of forget-me-not blue silk, trimmed with insertion bands of white lace, and finished off with rosettes of the silk. Miss Alice Kingsley's dress is of pale pink cloth, the skirt very curiously draped, all the fulness being

Miss Beatrice Lamb's costume for Act II. is very elaborate and beautiful, and is made in the palest heliotrope cloth, the ample folds of the skirt opening at both sides to show panels of white moiré antique. The moiré is also introduced in the bodice, where it forms the sleeves, which are puffed to the elbow, the plain cuffs being trimmed with bands of spring-coloured lace appliqué, while a twist of white moiré and mauve velvet outlines the bodice, and ties at the back in a bow with long ends. The full bodice is drawn up into a neckband of velvet, finished off in front by a large bow of velvet and lace, the bottom part being covered in front with an appliqué of lace arranged in points, which are very becoming to the figure, and which are connected by

V-shaped bands of velvet, the seams at the back being outlined with straps of velvet. Miss Lamb wears with this dress a hat of Tuscan straw, trimmed in front with a spreading bow of black moiré, from the centre of which rises a jetted osprey, two large, jetted cabochons being placed at each side.

Miss Fordyce again appears in a very simple, girlish dress of soft white silk, trimmed with frills of lace and bands of lace insertion; but Miss Cora Poole has discarded Quaker-like severity in favour of an exquisite dress of grass-green crépon, with a tiny silk stripe, the turned-down collar and bodice being of satin in a somewhat paler shade, covered with creamy guipure lace, the crépon draped over it from right to left and fastened at the waist by three buttons of satin covered with lace. Round the waist is a loosely knotted satin sash, the long ends bordered by frills of lace, and the full sleeves are arranged in a series of tiny gathers and puffs from shoulder to wrist, where they are finished off by lace ruffles. If you look at page 378 of this issue, you will see another illustration of Miss Poole's gown. Let me add that the portrait of the lady is a very characteristic one.

Miss Kingsley's dress is in a very effective combination of buttercup yellow and turquoise-blue, the skirt, of yellow crépon, being draped over a petticoat of blue satin, which shows through the light overskirt with very pretty effect. The sleeves and vest are of the satin, the draped



MISS BEATRICE LAMB (ACT II.).

drawn to the left side, where it opens over a petticoat of black moiré antique. The cross-over bodice has a vest and draped waistband of the



MISS CORA POOLE (ACT II.).



MISS BEATRICE LAMB (ACT III.).

bodice, which is made in one piece with the skirt, and the finely pleated shoulder frills being of crépon. Her hat is of yellowish straw, trimmed with a bow of blue velvet and trails of yellow wild-flowers.

A perfectly ideal wedding gown for a handsome and somewhat youthful widow is worn by Miss Lamb in Act III., and one which might well be copied by any of those who are enacting the rôle of bride for the second time—provided, of course, they have the qualifications mentioned. It is of the richest white satin, brocaded with a large and effective floral design in pale rose-pink, a suggestion of tender green appearing in the leaves, and the same shade being repeated in the square yoke and full sleeves of green velvet, which are softened by touches of beautiful yellowish old lace. A bonnet to match and a shower bouquet of blush-pink roses complete the costume, which shows off Miss Lamb's Juno-like beauty to the best advantage.

Her three "maids of honour" wear charmingly pretty pinafore dresses of white crépon, the yokes and armholes being bordered with a pleated ruche of moiré antique, the waistbands being of the same material. The full sleeves, the yokes, and the petticoats are of moiré antique in various colours (Miss Fordyce having chosen pale mauve, Miss Kingsley yellow, and Miss Poole red), and the three-cornered hats of white felt are trimmed with rosettes and ostrich tips to match. Though these dresses are very simple, they are extremely effective, and I commend them to the notice of the brides-elect who, with the arrival of Easter, will join the ranks of the matrimonial army. Some good ideas for trousseau gowns might also be gained from the other dresses, I fancy.



## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is all very well to go in for spring-like millinery, as most of us are doing just now, but if we want to be free from doctors and their attendant bills it is of the first importance that, just at this season of the year, when the weather is so treacherous, we should all be provided with some light and yet warm outdoor garment which will preserve us from chills and colds, without being too heavy and wintry. And I am glad to say that I have discovered this ideal garment in perfection in the shape of the "Eiderdon" three-quarter cape, manufactured by Messrs. Boyd and Co., of 77, Royal Avenue, Belfast, and it has the additional recommendation of being perfectly cut and altogether most smart and becoming. The material of which it is made is a special kind of absolutely pure wool of the very finest quality, the colourings of which are in every case most effective and artistic, the cape being made with a particularly high collar, which can be worn either turned up or down, as the weather may occasion. I need hardly say that for travelling, boating, &c., the "Eiderdon" cape is simply invaluable, and you should consider your wardrobe incomplete unless it contained one.

While you are about it, you cannot do better than invest, also, in one of Messrs. Boyd and Co.'s "Eiderdon" rugs, which, like the capes, combine the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight, the wear in both cases being practically endless. I think that to prove my case I need only tell you that the famous explorer, Dr. Nansen, provided every man on board the Fram with an "Eiderdon" rug, and if this is not a proof of their exceptional value I do not know what is.

If any of you have got a doctor husband, you might well present him with one of the "Doctor's ulsters," made of the Eiderdon, and fitted with pockets for all the medical appliances which a doctor finds it necessary to take about with him; while for ordinary mortals there are ordinary overcoats, and you can also, if you wish, obtain the cosiest of petticoats, dressing jackets, and dressing gowns, all made in this delightful material. So Messrs. Boyd, on the whole, have done a great deal to increase the comfort and well-being of both man- and womankind, and it only remains for us to take advantage of their efforts.

I discovered a lovely new hat or bonnet pin the other day at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 134, Regent Street, and I have got a sketch of it for you, in order that you may the better appreciate its beauty. At the top there is a perfectly modelled butterfly, the wings made in fine gold, and the body set with chrysoprase and pearls. When you so please, you can detach the butterfly and convert it into a brooch, so that, as you practically get two most useful and delightfully pretty ornaments, the price—£2 5s.—seems, and, indeed, is, wonderfully low, considering, too, the beauty of the design and the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship in this most alluring of butterflies. But, then, these are qualities which are always to be found in everything Messrs. Wilson and Gill produce; so I will leave you to use your persuasions with husband or *fiancé*, and convince them that the new combined brooch and hat pin is what you have always been waiting for and desiring, above all things. You will not need to go far from the truth in asserting this, I fancy.



And now, what words can fully express our gratitude to the woman who has come to the rescue of her suffering sisters and invented something which will save us from the mortification and anguish of mind which come upon us when, on such cold and biting days as those with which we have renewed our acquaintance during the past weeks, we feel, and, alas! see, that our noses have become suffused with a vermillion which is, unhappily, absent from our pallid and pinched cheeks, and that our appearance is thereby rendered distinctly unattractive, to say the least of it? Mrs. Asser, of 8 and 9, Burlington Arcade, W., is the benefactress of our sex, and the mysterious "something" takes the form of an extremely pretty black veil, bordered all round with a narrow edging of lace, and shaped in such a way that it fits perfectly over hat or bonnet brim without any of the ordinary troublesome work of successful adjustment. But this is not all. It is lined with delicate pink gauzy net, which is practically invisible when the veil is on, but which has the most marvellously becoming effect upon the complexion, making the coldest, and, consequently, reddest, nose look quite presentable and white, and giving a suggestion of delicate colour to the rest of the face. To fully appreciate the effect, you should wear this veil on a cold day, though, indeed, it would be eminently becoming under any circumstances, and you will be glad to hear that you can get one post free for the modest sum of 2s. 9d. There is about one woman in fifty who can go serenely and happily through life, calm in the consciousness of an unblushing nose; the other forty-nine will only too gladly avail themselves of such clever and harmless inventions as Mrs. Asser's veil, especially as the advantages it offers can be obtained at such a small cost.

FLORENCE.

## A PRIZE FANCY DRESS.

The dress that won for Mrs. Frank Rendle the first lady's prize at the last Covent Garden Ball had a skirt made of white satin, trellised with orange-blossoms in front, and bordered with white roses and silver leaves. The white satin basque, covered with silver sequins, was bordered the same as the skirt, with garlands of white roses and silver leaves falling



MRS. FRANK RENDLE'S DRESS.

from the basque over the skirt. The bodice was made of white mousseline de soie, caught with bows of white satin ribbon at the back, the front being composed of white satin and berthe of lovely lace and orange-blossom. The sleeves were of silver sequin lace. The ornament for the head was of net and imitation sugar, on which were lovely white flowers, while from each corner of the ornament trails of orange-blossom hung over all the dress.

## A GLADSTONE SOUVENIR.

*A propos* of the political crisis, a sixpenny illustrated biography of Mr. Gladstone has been published, with a promptitude which has in no way marred its completeness. The special features of an excellent compilation are the photographs of various rooms at Hawarden Castle, and the numerous sketches of the ex-Premier, by Mr. F. C. Gould, will amuse, while the whole of the literary contents are as smartly written as we have come to expect from the office of the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. W. T. Stead's anonymous handbook, "Fifty Years of the House of Lords" (*Review of Reviews* office), which won a well-deserved compliment from Mr. Gladstone in his last speech as First Lord of the Treasury, is certain of a wide circulation. The argument is logical and lucid, and its publication at sixpence will, doubtless, secure for it attention at this period, when the House of Lords looms largely in the public mind.

## MOSES UP TO DATE.

IMP: "Well, did you get into the Garden of Eden?"

SATAN: "Yes; I took the form of a serpent and finished up the business in short order."

IMP: "How did you induce the woman to risk everlasting torment for just one mean little apple?"

SATAN: "I told her it was good for the complexion."—*Life*.